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The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

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On High Executioners

RECENTLY there has been no little discussion as to whether a return to the "good old days" of *ruthless* criticism is not highly advisable. The present day is filled with the publicity and advertising of publishers; and in general, many claim, with indiscriminate eulogy. At this point, controversialists usually refer somewhat vaguely to the days of Gifford and Lockhart, to the old *Edinburgh Review* and to the old *Quarterly* ("so savage and tartarly"), quite forgetting the pronounced political complexion of criticism in the England of that period. For those were the days when powerful Tory periodicals lay in wait to smite down any literature of a Whig tendency (as they might adjudge it) that dared to raise its head. To-day, at least, thank Heaven, one does not play politics in reviewing,—at least, that kind of politics. And indeed far less politics of any kind is played, in comment on books, than the know-it-alls fondly imagine.

Certainly one desires actual criticism, and even drastic criticism, of current literature—without fear or favor. But a Donnybrook Fair, for the mere sake of the exhilaration in shillelah-play, is quite another matter. As it is, there is always a tendency toward intolerance, on the part both of the Right and of the Left, in the literary field—or any field. And prejudice that deals in sweeping dismissals is not criticism at all. New tendencies are always embattled against old; new schools beget their own critics,—apt, indeed, to disport themselves more as champions and showmen than as critics. Formalism frequently considers itself in the trenches, compelled to fight to the death and to "view with alarm." Neither is such an attitude criticism. There are advocates of the principle that open warfare "clears the air." Sometimes it does; but fundamentally the business of criticism is to be constructive rather than combative. If stating one's pronounced difference of opinion, as opposed to other opinions, be combative,—true, that is frequently necessary. But such an attitude is certainly not to be "devastating," or critical as the would-be high executioners would interpret the term.

"Devastating" criticism is usually half-baked criticism. Where balance and proportion are not preserved one becomes an out and out attorney for prosecution or defense. Furthermore, ire, disgust, rancor, ridicule, may often strike sparks that illuminate some particular book in a new and interesting light; but if such qualities are the only qualities possessed by a reviewer, his actual critical value is but a flash in the pan. True criticism is, in truth, an arduous business. It should be a highly disciplined performance. The critic must preserve standards susceptible of growth and inclusiveness; his fundamental common sense should be profound; his sensitivity to experiment and his ability cogently to relate it to what has been already accomplished in literature should resemble a compass needle, always oscillant to indicate the course and always returning true North. If this savors of a counsel of perfection, it is, nevertheless, the truly able critic's constant aim. In the best sense he should be no respecter of persons, but a thorough respecter of strict justice.

We have the phrase-makers to-day. We have the eulogists dealing in nebulous verbiage. We have the appreciators who scorn to "get down to cases" and calmly assume that everyone except themselves is a fool. On the other hand we have the drastic dismissers of work *in toto*, with their lordly gestures, with their narrow range of sympathies and interests, with their differing kinds of bigotry. There are innumerable snap-judgments, as it is; there are opposed "camps" or cliques; and there is a great deal of palaver. But rarely does one observe the accurate phrase striking like Ithuriel's spear straight to the heart of the matter; or close reasoning, with complete references—thorough illustrations—building up an incontrovertible case, for or against. It is criticism of this order that we need. We do not need mere belligerency. The exploiting of the personality of the reviewer and his own idiosyncrasies, with little pertinence to the volume under consideration, we shall doubtless have always with us. A

(Continued on page 716)

Admonition

By THEODORE MAYNARD

IF clean thy heart, no bird's
Sweet voice shall shrill in vain;
And quick thine ear to catch the words
The woods sing after rain.

No willow in the wind
Shall bend and thou not see—
O sensitive and happy mind!—
Glow earth and sky for thee.

No horse shall arch his neck
And thou not dream of Troy;
And fluttering doves for thee bedeck
Venus and her Blind Boy.

No star shall ever shine
Save over Bethlehem;
Each rose shall bloom the Rose Divine;
Each bud from Jesse's stem.

Scour but thy spirit clear
Of the world's sensual rust;
Keep heart and mind and eye and ear
Sweet, candid, joyous, just.

This Week

Memoirs of Mrs. Letitia Pilkington. An Excerpt from the Introduction by *Iris Barry*.

Three Volumes on Psychology. Reviewed by *S. D. House*.

"The American Philosophy of Equality." Reviewed by *Ralph Barton Perry*.

"The A-B-C of Prohibition." Reviewed by *Harold S. Davis*.

"An Artist in the Family." Reviewed by *Winifred Katzin*.

"Mr. Hodge and Mr. Hazard." Reviewed by *Lee Wilson Dodd*

The Folder. By *Christopher Morley*.

Next Week, or Later

"The Hotel." Reviewed by *Christopher Morley*.

What Then Is Art?

By CHARLES A. BENNETT

WE had been talking for hours, "putting," as they say in Ireland, "putting the world through one another." It had been a real good talk, mainly about great spacious topics like Religion, Life, Progress, Art. It was now past midnight. We had got our second wind and were going strong. He, a bit of a musician, summed up an argument with the statement that music was the lowest of the arts because the enjoyment of it was purely sensuous. I, knowing nothing of music, but quick to defend a pet theory, would not agree. I said that music opened a door into the real world. "When I hear good music," I said, "I feel that I have discovered a dimension of the universe, so to speak, which science and philosophy and common sense are always leaving out. Insight, insight, that's the word!" Perhaps half an hour later, when the talk had wandered to something else, he went over to the piano and began to play, casually. He played something nice and innocuous. Then the opening chords of a thing by César Franck. "You feel the difference, don't you? Listen. . . . And now where are you? Where has he taken you to? Well, you don't know where you are, but it's the real thing, isn't it?"

"Out of your own mouth!" I exclaimed. "Reality—*my* word! Whatever it is, you know it's the real world that César Franck has shown you."

So we had it back and forth again. It was two o'clock when he rose to leave.

"I'll grant you this much," he said. "Music is either the lowest or the highest of the arts."

* * *

That was several years ago, and ever since, off and on, I have been wondering how I should have defended my theory if I had been harder pressed. Music, like the other arts, tells us something, I am convinced, about objective reality; but when I ask myself, in my rôle of student of philosophy, what precisely it tells, then I am "at a stond." For poetry, music, drama, and the rest, are not concerned with scientific statement or rational deduction. They make no explicit contribution to science or philosophy. Except with those pseudo-artistic forms, the fable, the allegory, the didactic play or poem, their message or their meaning cannot be reduced to logical statements. Each speaks in its own tongue and can be understood only by those who know it. So it would seem. But if all one can say about a poem is, "It means what it says," that statement may be true but it is utterly unenlightening. I insist on something more satisfying. So far I have insisted in vain. But at any rate I have reached the stage where I can formulate my difficulties. That is the purpose of this article. I am not presuming to throw a ray of light. I am asking for one.

I propose to examine briefly three theories of artistic truth and to explain why none of them seems adequate.

The first we may conveniently, if barbarously, label the subjectivist theory. It is found in its crudest and most familiar form in the attitude of the man in the street who goes to the theatre or reads a book in order to forget his troubles. Novel or drama are anodynes. Inside the covers of the book or the walls of the theatre is make-believe. It is the world outside that is real. The scientist is liable to adopt the same version of things. Science deals with hard facts, art with myth and fancy. The artist expresses some emotion, paints a pretty picture of the world as it might be but isn't, or uses his

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imagination to construct a wholly fictitious world. How absurd therefore to suppose that any activity so emotional and subjective can tell us anything about the truth of things! Of course all of us, even the most civilized or mature, need to play at times, to rest from our more serious concerns, to be as irresponsible as children. (One can hear the faintly patronizing note in this.) It is then that we seek *the ministrations of art.* But if it is fact, knowledge, truth, we want, then we must turn to science.

Essentially the same theory, more impressive this time, thanks to the support of some psychologists, appears in the view of art as an "escape." Art takes us into a realm of illusions in which the mind may disport itself unconstrained by the actualities of fact or the imperatives of duty. Beauty is not a revelation of truth but an escape from it. It is nonsense to talk of the insights of art. Its insights are no more than poetical flights, wish fulfilments, "vistas for the imagination, never convictions."

This theory I believe to be wrong, but it would hardly be so common unless it contained some ingredient of truth. How may we account for its persuasiveness?

* * *

In the first place, it seems a sign of immaturity to ask about a work of art, Is it true? Did it really happen? Did Jack really kill the giant? Did Satan really fall from Heaven? Those are the child's questions. And now, when, as we hope, we have put away childish things, we realize that the questions should never have been asked. They are irrelevant. The artist is not making statements of fact. In the second place, the difficulty of telling what a work of art means is notorious. How can you state in words the meaning of a piece of music? The more you try, the more you come to feel that you are dealing with incommensurables. We have all suffered from the misguided ministrations of the persons who write the explanations in musical programmes. And I recall the remark of a composer who said, "A musical composition should have no title. Or if you must give it a name, call it 'A chunk of music in E flat' and let it go at that." And so perhaps you fall back on a theory of the uniqueness of musical meanings in particular and all esthetic meanings in general. Every work of art, you say, means what it says. And this is so perilously close to the statement that it says and means nothing at all, that it seems best to content oneself with maintaining that art asserts nothing but lives in a world of its own creations.

In spite of its plausibility the theory is open to many objections. I shall mention three.

First, it does not do justice to the seriousness of art. Surely, we say to ourselves, art is more than play and the artist more than a dreamer indulging his irresponsible fancies. Beauty, significant beauty, is not just a drug by which tired or over-sophisticated adults may be lured along the road of some infantile regression or medicined to that sweet sleep which they owned in the yesterday of a carefree childhood. No. If the word imagination suggests fancy, it suggests also insight, divination. Who has not felt that the work of art brings with it intimations of a profounder reality which lies beyond the scope of our secular perception? In the intuition of the artist the significance of some part of reality, a significance concealed from, or obscure to, everyday vision is summed up and presented to us in concentrated form. The dramatist condenses his material in accordance with the strict conventions of dramatic structure: he eliminates irrelevant or distracting details, he heightens character, he increases the tempo of life. Thus he creates a whole of character or of action which evokes from us the judgment, "This is what life means." Of course he selects, but selection is the least instructive part of the operation. How does he know what to leave out? As well describe sculpture as the elimination of superfluous marble as explain art by calling it selection. The selection is made possible by some positive insight. A good dramatist *brings some truth home* to you. To appreciate a good play means that you have perceived some truth about life and perceived it with a strange and exciting intensity. That is concentrated knowledge.

This holds true even in the most unlikely instance, that of the still-life picture. Surely those representations of flowers and fruits and faintly glimmering translucent glasses and choice cuts of fish that cover so many acres of wall space in the galleries of Europe confer no particular insight on the beholder. Yet listen for a moment to an enthusiastic critic describing a picture of a pumpkin:

> On the further wall of the dining room . . . there was a mighty golden pumpkin, an heroic pumpkin, the father and mother of all pumpkins, painted by the modern Frenchman Vollon. And, Oh, Glory be! that pumpkin held its own. It held its own not because Vollon had sought to make it look ineffably like a pumpkin, but because his sense of color and his brush work, his technique and his style, had so operated as to lift a vegetable out of itself and to exhale beauty in something like splendor.

Now did the man who wrote that see just a good reproduction of a pumpkin or did he have a revelation?

In the second place, the theory shows a strange unfamiliarity with the actual processes of artistic creation. Anyone who has read Conrad's account of the writing of "Nostromo" will recall the intensity with which he speaks of the travail and agony that went to its creation. And I take it that his experience was different only in degree from that of other artists. But why this bitter struggle if the artist is simply working off an emotion or playing with a theme? The business of producing a work of art seems much more serious and arduous than play. It does not *look* as if the artist were gratifying a merely personal need or moving in a void where there were no rules but those set by his own caprice. On the contrary, he scarcely seems to be his own master. He cannot do as he pleases. Necessity is laid upon him. But, if so, something external is imposing necessity upon him. That is why most artists, I think, who should pause to reflect on the meaning of their work would say that they were aiming at truth rather than at beauty. Both are objective, but truth better suggests the working of an austere and imperious necessity, and so does finer justice to the creative experience. We return therefore to our conviction that it is some vision of truth that the artist is struggling to express. A theory of art which ignores this is simply not a theory of art at all and may itself safely be ignored.

Thirdly, although to ask of a work of art, "What does it mean?" may seem a childish question, yet unless we are allowed to ask it and to press for an answer I do not see how we are going to distinguish between the genuine work of art and the imposture. Suppose I am presented with a lump of gibberish by a young gentleman who has the impertinence to call it a poem. I inspect his experiment in tortured typography and, since good manners forbid me to spank him, I ask quite naturally, "Well, now tell me what it means." He replies, "Philistine! As though the meaning of any work of art could be translated into another medium! It means what it says: no more and no less." "But," I persist, "it doesn't seem to me to mean *any*thing." Whereupon, the outraged poet probably spins on heel and vanishes. But he leaves me still unconvinced. If it is impossible to convey any idea of the significance of a work of art, impossible even to intimate the vision or the insight it has captured, then any fashionable piece of esthetic incomprehensibility, all nerves, novelty, and rebellion, may lay claims to being a work of art.

* * *

The second theory we may call the symbolic. Art, we shall now be told, speaks truth, but speaks it in a symbolic or figurative way. Its utterances are to be received sacramentally, that is, as sensuous embodiments or evocations of philosophic truth. Thus when the poet writes:

> When first my way to fair I took,
> Few pence in purse had I,
> And long I used to stand and look
> At things I could not buy.
>
> Now times are altered; if I care
> To buy a thing I can,
> The pence are here, and here's the fair,
> But where's the lost young man?
>
> To think that two and two are four,
> And neither five nor three,
> The heart of man has long been sore
> And long 'tis like to be.

—when the poet writes thus he is not deploring the fourness of two and two nor telling you solemnly that now when he can have the things he wanted as a child he no longer wants them; trying to arouse in you a sense of the sad futility of human wishes in a world that is indifferent to them. He is using words and images in a suggestive, not a literal, way.

This theory has two points in its favor. First, it maintains that art does reveal something about the world; secondly, that its statements are not to be taken literally. But, even so, the theory is not acceptable. To begin with, it does violence to art. It imposes a distinction on the artist between literal truth and figurative expression that is not present at all to his mind as artist. It suggests that the artist begins with some truth and then dresses it up in a fanciful costume. We know that this is false. When the poet makes a song like

> Time, you old gypsy man,
> Will you not stay,
> Pack up your caravan
> Just for one day?

he does not first say to himself, "Time flies; human happiness is transient," and then proceed to reflect, "Gypsies are transients, here to-day and gone to-morrow. I shall therefore compare time to a gypsy." No, the symbol and the thing symbolized come to him at once. They are not first separate and then conjoined.

Secondly, the theory unfortunately suggests that in any significant work of art there is a core of literal truth which can be disengaged by analysis and stated in the terms of science or philosophy. If that is what you believe, you will be eager to discover the core, and so there springs into being the esoteric school of critics, those probers after hidden wisdom, for whom all works of art worthy of the name are as occultly suggestive as the "Prophetical Books" of Blake and who remind one of Henley's contemptuous reference to the devotees of the Browning cult "who grub as for truffles" for meanings in Browning. But alas! if you persist in treating the philosophical meaning as the essential thing in the work of art, you must pay the price, and the price is that you must now regard the form of art as, at worst, so much idle decoration of the meaning, at best a temporary substitute for an adequate logical statement. In a world of articulate philosophers poetry would be superfluous. Whether that is a comment on the poet or on the philosopher is a question that the reader must decide for himself.

* * *

The third theory launches itself from a criticism of the other two. Both of these, it says, in effect proceed on a common assumption, the assumption that there is only one language in which truth can be communicated—the impersonal language of science and philosophy. If you want to be sure that there is something in religion or in art, that "it isn't all your imagination," you must show that their messages can be translated into the common tongue. But this assumption is sheer dogma. If we could free ourselves from its influence perhaps we should no longer suspect or be perplexed about the revelations of art on the ground that they are so difficult to translate into the scientific vernacular. So we are asked to scrutinize the dogma.

We might begin with an example of the language of science. Here is a definition of love taken from the writings of a French psychologist:

> Love is a specific emotive entity, consisting of a more or less permanent variation of the affective and mental state of a subject, on the occasion of the realization—by the fortuitous exercise of a specialized mental process—of an exclusive and conscious systematization of his sexual instinct.

When you read that you ask yourself, Why does a man write like that? What is he trying to do? No one can tell for certain. But one thing is clear: he is not trying to tell anyone what love means. If he had wished to do that would he not have exclaimed:

> From thee I have been absent in the Spring
> When proud pied April, dressed in all his trim,
> Hath put a spirit of youth in everything,

or something like it? Perhaps he assumes that we already know from experience what love means? Is he then trying to evoke that experience and its allied meaning? No, he must know that he will succeed only in evoking a faint nausea. Moreover, if he does assume that we know what love means his definition is evidently not an attempt to communicate that meaning. What purpose then are we to assign to scientific explanation?

That is a question upon which scientists themselves are not agreed, but we can mention one answer that has reputable support. Perhaps science is interested not so much in revealing truth as in *measuring*, and interested in measuring because its ultimate purpose is the *control* of the environment. Here is a quotation from a physicist that puts the thing with a beautiful simplicity and lucidity that one can only envy, not emulate:

> The examiner, exercising his ingenuity, begins (let us say) as follows: "An elephant slides down a grassy hillside . . ." The experienced examinee knows that he need

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not pay heed to this; it is only a picturesque adornment to give an air of verisimilitude to the bald essentials of the problem. He reads on: "The weight of the elephant is two tons." Now we are getting to business; henceforth the elephant can be dropped; it is "two tons" that the examinee will really have to grapple with. What exactly is this two tons—the real subject-matter of the physical problem? It denotes, according to one code, a property, which we can only vaguely describe as a *ponderosity*, occurring in a certain region of the external world. But never mind what it connotes; what *is* it? Two tons is the reading which the pointer indicated when the elephant was placed on a weighing machine; it is just a pointer-reading. Similarly with the other data of our problem. The mountain flank is replaced by an angle of 60°—the reading of a plumb-line against the divisions of a protractor; and its verdant covering is replaced by a coefficient of friction, which though perhaps not directly a pointer-reading, is of a kindred nature. No doubt there are more roundabout ways used in practice for determining the weights of elephants and the slopes of hills, but they are justified because they are known to give the same results as would be obtained by direct pointer-readings. . . .

Our discussion has already prepared us to admit that physics (or exact science) can only take within its scope certain aspects of the external world; and that there remain other aspects which have been excluded, not because they are of less importance, but because they have not the specialized property of measurability. (J. S. Eddington.)

* * *

From this point of view, then, science deals only with certain selected aspects of the real world. Of course, what it says about these is true (and not merely useful), but its statements leave room for other statements to be made about the real world which, as long as they do not contradict the assertions of science, may be taken as true. Impersonal scientific speech is not the sole language in which truth can be expressed. It takes many voices to render the whole truth of things and science is only one of them. Or, to put it differently, science, art, religion, moral experience, may each in its own way be a source of genuine insight into the nature of things, each with its appropriate medium of expression, each with its own laws of disciplined and consistent utterance. (A service of worship, a poem, a symphony,—these obey necessities no less real and compelling than those recognized in books of logic.) We must not confuse things which should be kept distinct. In trying to force art to speak some language other than its own we only do violence to the integrity of the forms of experience.

The theory that I have thus sketched is in many ways the most discriminating and the most persuasive that I know. And yet, at the risk of seeming ungrateful or even mulish, I have to confess that my first obstinate questionings will not down. The theory uses the analogy of different languages, each of which conveys some portion of truth about the nature of things. It is this concept of "the nature of things" that is at the root of our trouble. For, consider what it implies. If I say "Here are four different portraits of a man by four different artists," that implies that I know what the man looks like from a point of view different from any of those adopted by the four painters. Otherwise, how could I know that they are portraits of *the same man?* And so, to say that art, science, religion, etc., grasp different aspects of the "real nature of things" implies that we have some way of knowing that real nature of things which is not the way of art, science, or religion. It implies, in short, that there is a universal language appropriate for expressing the whole truth about the nature of things (perhaps the language of philosophy rather than of science), a language commensurable with these other languages, into which they might be translated. But unfortunately the facts conflict with the logical requirements. For who can set down the philosophical meaning of a work of art? It ought to be possible, but it obviously isn't.

* * *

The difficulty may be expressed in another way. It was said that the revelations of art may be taken as genuine if they do not contradict the fundamental principles of reasoning. Now contradiction holds only between assertions. Two different emotions, or colors, or events, cannot contradict each other. If there is to be either harmony or conflict between art and the deliverances of the intellect, art must first have made assertions. And, once again, what assertions about reality does art in general or the particular work of art make? That was precisely our original question and that is the question which none of the theories has answered satisfactorily.

Therefore, as I said at the outset, I am a wanderer in esthetics, seeking light. I should be glad to know why I am lost. Is the way really hard to find? Or am I simply unfamiliar with the country?

A Lady of Adventure

MEMOIRS OF MRS. LETITIA PILKINGTON. Written by HERSELF. With an Introduction by IRIS BARRY. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. 1928.

AMONG the beneficiaries of Swift's friendship during the years in which he lived in retirement in Dublin was a couple by the name of Pilkington. Matthew was a curate with a turn for literature and his wife, Letitia, who had married him at eighteen, a young woman with an avid taste for reading and an astonishing memory. Swift enjoyed their open admiration, and saw in Matthew Pilkington a possible catspaw to bring about a readjustment between himself and Pope who, like himself, was a contributor to the *Miscellany* and who, he felt, was acquiring too much of the glory and profits from a publication to which the Dean was contributing much of the writing. Accordingly he dispatched Matthew Pilkington to London, ostensibly to afford him the opportunity of meeting the literary circles of the capital but actually as an agent for his own somewhat devious interests. Matthew played his game none too well, and soon alienated many of the powerful personages

FRONTISPIECE TO *MRS. PILKINGTON'S "JESTS"*

"It has been remarked that Dean Swift never laughed but thrice in his life; 1st, at a Merry Andrews Pranks; 2nd, at reading that part of Fielding's Tom Thumb where Tom is described killing the Ghost; 3rd, at reading Mrs. Pilkington's Jests in Manuscript."

whose support he was to gain. Moreover, the attractions of London proved too great for his strength, scandal resulted, and the Pilkingtons landed in the divorce court. Mrs. Pilkington emerged from the trial with an injured reputation and no resources. Her only reliance was upon her pen, and she forthwith began to write poetry. But Dublin, to which she returned, had been too scandalized by the revelations of the divorce suit to countenance her presence, and she returned perforce to London and a dubious career. She herself admitted that "though Nature intended her for a harmless household dove, Fate made her a lady of adventure."

As to the Memoirs, in which her experiences are recorded, no review, we believe, could so well set forth the reason for their interest as does the very excellent introduction by Iris Barry to this edition reprinted from that of 1748. In lieu of further comment we reprint, with the permission of the publishers, a portion of it. Miss Barry writes:

"The eighteenth century is not, as we lazily fancy, an age of romance. Its literature is not of a heroic or superhuman order, like that of the Elizabethans. No man was ever like Iago; no man spoke or behaved like Antonio or Troilus. They are moods or demons or states of mind: in their different human way, they masked an ideal as superhuman as that which informed the sculpture of Phidias. But Parson Andrews and Lady Kitty Crocodile, Atticus and Pomposo not only were like human beings: they were human beings. The ideal of the eighteenth century, however formalized, however far from realization, was not abstract beauty or majesty, but truth, scientific truth. Its passion was to know, and, above all, to know men: to learn more thoroughly how they behaved. To us, who pine to know better *why* they behave as they do, the eighteenth century is elder brother, very close, very lively. And it is because Mrs. Pilkington in her own small, bright, and particular way, brings back to life, brings out from the museum and the library, the behavior and the cant, the day-to-day sentiments and reactions of her time that she is so valuable.

"Scandalous 'Memoirs' were a fashion when she wrote. Mrs. Manly, for instance, the mistress of Alderman Barber, had published the 'New Atlantis,' and found it selling like hot cakes. Lady Mary Pierrepoint, afterwards Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, could hardly wait for a new volume of this compendium of anecdotes about Stauratius the Thracian (whom she and everyone knew to be the Duke of Marlborough) and all the hotch-potch of gossip, larded with moralizing about life in an imaginary kingdom (which no one imagined to be elsewhere than England). Pope's *Lord Fanny* was appreciated for the portrait it was, and Fielding's Lady Bellaston was universally recognized.

* * *

"Every novelist of the day drew from observation; every dramatist from the life. The current of every work of fiction is stopped again and again for some new incomer to enthral the reader and his fellow-characters with a biography, often strongly related to the author's. The Duchess of Marlborough and Cibber shared a passion to 'explain themselves,' and looked into their motives deeper than one might expect. All men acknowledged that the proper study of mankind was man. The very artists of the day—Hogarth and Romney and Reynolds—show the belief every bit as much as that president of the age, Voltaire, and his cousin, Pope.

"But somehow or other our feeling of the age springs most to life in the obscurer figures like Mrs. Pilkington herself. She herself, her account of her own experiences, gives a groundwork for our recognition of humanity in the other figures of her time. We understand more what it was to be a writer when we read so vivid a picture of a random little hack. She goes the same way as the more famous writers; but with her we see that all this is not merely queer information: it is *true*. If she in her chintz gown trotted through the snow to beg a subscription—it is just so humbly that all the band of her fellow-writers went about a livelihood. If she associated, without shame, with the valets and laundresses of the great, it is because she and all her fellows were in their proper place in the upper servants' hall. She starved; and, when we hear of it, we see many a better writer starving, too. They deviled for other men, and wrote by the yard, and went cap in hand to ill-bred publishers, and were tempted to sell themselves to the infamous Curll, and rejoiced for days should a Stanhope or a Churchill commend them.

* * *

"Her faults and her smallness make her more real to us than more venerable people; but she also makes *them* more real. There is no need to put her on a pedestal. As a writer, she is prolix and jerky. Again and again we find a strange, confused, hysterical note in her. All the while personal grievances come cropping up and deflect the course of her narrative. She sometimes writes merely to ease her own fretted mind, protesting, giving involved explanations, making secret allusions. She talks to herself, so that it is an immense labor to follow her. Now and then she is entirely incoherent.

"But the moment she forgets her rage against her husband, the clergy in general, and her detractors in particular, the moment she becomes objective, she has command of an unusually lucid style and diction. Nothing, for example, could be clearer than her description of a journey from London to Chester by wagon in May, the horses bright with favours, and in the sunny and peaceful landscape a corpse on the gallows. Nothing could be better or more economically thrown in than her story of the rainy day in Dublin, when Swift clambered tirelessly up and down the stairs to complete the customary jog-trot constitutional which the bad weather had curtailed.

"The Victorian, the Edwardian, even the conservative Georgian essayist on the eighteenth century is always apologizing. It was a rough age, he tells us mock-modestly; men drank deep and gambled long; virtue was at a discount, and dishonesty a mode. But the closer we look at it, the more affinity it seems to have with the life of to-day. The main difference that appears is that its men and women—

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or the best of them—seem to contain an inexhaustible fund of energy. Religion was as casual and politics as muddled: revolution as threatening, Europe as unstable. But there was more virility in literature. Life was more sharply reflected in it. It was more shameless, perhaps; but at the same time it was cleaner-flavored and less hypocritical.

"Common morality differs less from time to time than we like to confess. But public attitudes differ enormously. In the eighteenth century a woman was looked upon either as a paragon of chastity—or as a woman. Either she was unapproachable, or else she was—and fashion demanded that she should be—the object of innumerable gallant attempts. Chastity was entitled to singular respect; it was considered that it could have been preserved only by a miracle of strict behavior and courageous opposition. Town and country alike were full of men who thought it binding upon them as gentlemen to attack the virtue of every attractive woman they met.

"This common attitude should be remembered in reading the endless catalogue of unwelcome overtures in Mrs. Pilkington's 'Memoirs.' At first her complaints may seem the peevish discontent of an unsuccessful adventuress, eager to whitewash herself unnecessarily. But the literature of the day can testify to her. Like all autobiographers, of course, she exaggerates: and, being very conscious of the dubiousness of her own position, she saw it all too personally. But Fielding lets the Squire send his retainers to carry off poor Fanny as a matter of course. The very blue-stockings, some time later, could never dare to converse with men *tête-à-tête*: they had to take precautions to see them in clumps, reinforcing their individual virtue by reciprocal support.

"But Mrs. Pilkington was in an even more vulnerable position. A divorced, penniless, unprotected young Irish scribbler, living alone in St. James's, was obviously the easiest of game. After all that scandal, it was the hardest thing in the world to prevent people from treating her simply as a creature. In these circumstances, one imagines, she was not wholly irreproachable. Yet, by comparison with any of her contemporaries who found themselves exposed to the same dangers, she cuts a very creditable figure indeed.

"She kept her head high, and showed a brave face to her detractors. She fought to the day of her death against all attacks on her human dignity. The pressure of Society would cheerfully have made a prostitute and plaything of her. It was the easiest way for her to go, and perhaps it would have been the most profitable and worldly-wise. She was a silly little thing to protest so much and fight so ardently to keep up appearance; but there was something heroic and indomitable in her silliness; and in a queer, outlandish fashion she preserved the honor of womanhood."

New Psychologies for Old

UNDERSTANDING HUMAN NATURE. By ALFRED ADLER. Translated by Walter Béran Wolfe. New York: Greenberg. 1927. $3.50.

TOTEM AND TABOO. By SIGMUND FREUD. Translated by A. A. Brill. New York: New Republic. 1927. $1.

DELUSION AND DREAM. By SIGMUND FREUD. Translated by Helen M. Downey. New York: New Republic. 1927. $1.

Reviewed by S. D. HOUSE

Columbia University

THE Adlerian approach to the problems of disharmony and maladjustment resident in human nature constitutes a new chapter in psychology and, what is more important, a fresh beginning in education. The most interesting fact in contemporary medicine is its overwhelming importance for the new education. By the new education we are beginning to understand an acceptance of the child as possessing personality from its earliest infancy, a perception and recognition that imply the cultivation of a technique for comprehending the problems of the child's adjustment to the social and human *milieu* that surrounds it momentously at home, in the school, in the street, in church, at play and work.

We might refer to Adler's work as educational sociology and compare him in his general social philosophy and creative attitudes toward education with John Dewey. Or, if one thinks of his enlightening contributions more medically, he might be referred to with considerable accuracy as the pioneer in the comparatively new field of educational psychiatry (a term which I have originated to represent that fruitful inter-relation between the new medicine, psychology, and education which the mental hygiene movement in America embodies so adequately).

Dr. Adler does not wish to be known as a psychoanalyst but as an individual psychologist. He does not sympathize with the Freudian high-power emphasis on sex as the causative factor in psychoneurotic disturbance. To him the central reality is the human personality with its omnipresent sense of inadequacy, of inferiority, that gives rise inevitably to that search for compensatory satisfaction which is abstractly known as the will-to-power. His philosophy is colored by the Nietzschean wisdom, humanized by an enormous respect for the superiority of the principle of coöperation to the reigning ethic of competition. His psychology has its affinities also with the so-called Gestalt psychology which views human reaction as essentially synthetic, organismic, configurational. Adler finds Freud in error for abstracting from the total human personality one significant segment, labeled sexuality, to which psychoanalysis devotes that excessive attention which belongs more properly to human nature in its entirety as the embodiment of ego striving restlessly in quest of dominance and superiority and the unattainable equilibrium of personal adequacy.

* * *

In Adler's psychology the pervading emphasis is on the universal existence of the feeling of inferiority, organic or functional, real or imaginary, which drives the self-conscious and handicapped child to withdraw from the more vigorous tests of reality, of fellowship, of social communication, and to cultivate fantastic and petulant and neurotic patterns of behavior as modes of introverted escape from the burden of reality. Therapeutically, Adler therefore never stops emphasizing the need on the part of parent and teacher to stimulate in the child a sense of confidence, to evoke his coöperative dispositions, to socialize and humanize his ego. Communal fellowship, an affectionate attitude toward children, a genuinely humble comradeship with them, an appreciation of their inner life, are the impressive doctrines that constitute the Adlerian basis for understanding human nature.

It is a pleasure to find a psychologist writing so humanly and thoughtfully, avoiding the technical sterility of the academician on the one hand and the speculative luxuriance of the dogmatic psychoanalyst on the other, about problems that concern all of us so intimately. The translation of a very difficult German into an eminently readable English is the work of Dr. Walter Béran Wolfe, Adler's most important American disciple.

* * *

Freud moves in a world of concepts and values that are sharply dissimilar to those ideas congenial to Adler. If ingenuity, sheer creative guesswork, is evidence of mental power, I doubt not that Freud is far and away the most original-minded of thinkers. Whoever will take the trouble to read carefully his brilliant studies, "Totem and Taboo" and "Delusion and Dream," will agree that the father of psychoanalysis is possessed of an intellectual agility that is positively uncanny in its more subtle ramifications and insights.

In "Totem and Taboo" Freud makes a most ingenious attempt to show that the primitive veneration of the totem animal and the awe-inspiring far-ranging taboo associated with it, culminating in the baffling phenomena of exogamy (the compulsory seeking of sex mates outside of the totem-loyal group) are ultimately traceable to psychological factors, to compulsions resident in human nature. The most ancient underlying concealed reality in human nature is the dread of incest. To account for this still obscure dread in the human breast Freud, encyclopædic and inexhaustible, ransacks the whole fascinating field of the literature of ethnology, leaning upon the illuminating researches of MacLennan, Westermarck, Lang, Spencer, Robertson Smith, and most particularly Frazer, in order to discover clues for his bold psychoanalytic speculation that the phenomena of totemism and exogamy are traceable to one psychological origin which he finally sums up in these words: ". . . the beginnings of religion, ethics, society, and art meet in the Œdipus complex. This is in entire accord with the findings of psychoanalysis, namely, that the nucleus of all neuroses as far as our present knowledge of them goes, is the Œdipus complex."

To be sure, this conclusion of Freud's is not to be taken as science, but as brilliant and conceivably meaningful speculation. No anthropologist will want to accept so generalized and simplified an origin for so vast a variety of psychological and cultural activities. Freud speculates upon the existence in the dim dawn of history of a primal horde over which a father ruled ruthlessly to the cruel disadvantage of his sons, all bitten by sexual jealousy and envy of that power-intoxicated ruler. The brothers banded together and slew that most unnatural father and proceeded to mate with the hitherto tabooed females of the group denied them by an omnipotent sire. As a consequence of that unseemly murder, conscience and remorse and ceremonial atonement and a traditional respect for the primal father developed. Murder and incest have troubled the minds of the race since the dawn of human life. Freud sees in that primeval crime the origin of the sense of guilt that haunts the dreams of men like an ancient doom.

Those who love psychoanalytic jargon and Freudian technique will be delighted with "Delusion and Dream." All the famous concepts are illustrated in this study, such as repression, displacement, the unconscious, rationalization, flight from reality, the dream as wish fulfilment, the erotic *motif* in reverie, the psychoneurotic purposes served by delusion, the mechanism of projection, psychoanalytic cure.

This psychoanalysis is built upon a charming and fantastic narrative by Jensen called Gradiva. The story concerns the delusional ideas of a young archæologist whose infatuation with the replica of a bas relief of a sprightly young female (whose manner of poising her foot somehow fascinates him) stirs a restlessness that impels him to travel to Rome and Pompeii in the fond hope of rediscovering the original. His dreams and experiences and delusions are exquisitely related by the author and as acutely accounted for by Freud who patiently takes up thread by thread of the entire narrative to convince the reader of the unconscious repressed sexual motivation of the dreams and the delusions of our young scholar who had fled from love into science as an elaborate defense against being human, tasting passion. Freud assures us that "every psychoanalytic treatment is an attempt to free repressed love, which has formed a miserable compromise-outlet in a symptom. . . . The disturbance disappears then by being traced back to its origin; analysis brings cure at the same time." Let us hope so.

On High Executioners

(*Continued from page 713*)

certain amount of this is enlivening in its way—not too much. It is exhibitionism rather than criticism.

In closing, there have always been, and will always be, certain rare, major, critical writers whose range and scholarship and powerful individuality are exhibited in "slashing" reviews. But the majority of critics should beware how they try to bend the bow of Odysseus. Their shafts are very likely to recoil upon them. Courage and honesty, it should go without saying, are necessities in all critical work. But a mere lust for battle, and for laying about one, qualify the possessor not for this but for some other, alien arena.

Doubleday, Doran & Company, Inc., in coöperation with *The Christian Herald*, announce a prize of $2,500 to be awarded to the contestant submitting the best religious novel before October 1, 1928. The contest is open to every writer, professional and amateur, in the United States and Canada. The prize novel will be serialized in *The Christian Herald* and will be published in book form by Doubleday, Doran & Company.

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Equalitarian Doctrine

THE AMERICAN PHILOSOPHY OF EQUALITY. By T. V. Smith. Chicago: The University of Chicago Press. 1927. $3.

Reviewed by Ralph Barton Perry

Harvard University

THIS is a useful book, attractive in its physical appearance, well written, and calculated to stimulate the American reader to thought about the premises of his democratic faith. It gives evidence of the author's wide reading in social and political philosophy, as well as of his open-mindedness, candor, and moral buoyancy. The earlier chapters trace the ideas of "natural" equality which underlay the Declaration of Independence, the slavery struggle, and the movement for women's rights. Then after examining and rejecting the philosophical justifications of the equalitarian ideal derived from Christian theology, Kant, and Utilitarianism, the author expounds and applies the gospel according to the school of Dewey.

As is usual in discussions of this subject, too much attention is devoted to disproving the historical truth of the equalitarian doctrine. That is not, and never was, the fundamental question at issue. When philosophers said that men were "naturally" equal, their principal concern was to prove that it was good that men should be equal, or that all men by virtue of their common humanity possessed just claims which were morally prior to the privilege and authority conferred by organized society. They meant, in short, that equality was a standard by which the existing state of society might be judged, and if needs be, reformed. They identified this moral order with nature, because they believed that nature was the manifestation of a benevolent God; and they thought of this idealized "state of nature" as lying in the past because they were accustomed to a literal, historical view of creation. Nature as coming next after God, was conceived as more divine, that is, as more good and more just, than the later and man-made systems of organized society.

The conception of "nature" being thoroughly impregnated from ancient times with a moral significance, it is misleading to say, as does our author, that "since the Civil War," natural equality being "confessedly refuted," the doctrine has changed "from the assertion of equality as a past or present *fact* to the declaration of it as a worthy *ideal*."

* * *

Following the lead of Professor Dewey, Mr. Smith feels that the influence of Darwin has radically altered the foundations of equalitarian ethics. Whereas man was once thought of in metaphysical terms, as having a rational soul which entitles him to a peculiar dignity in the moral world, we now know him to be an animal, highly modifiable and variable, and essentially social. But looking closer we find that, despite a change of their labels and a better understanding of their meaning, the attributes of man remain very much what they were before. The variability and modifiability of the individual lie within fixed limits. Indeed, to conceive man as "an active physical organism in a physical environment" would seem to prescribe these limits rather more sharply than to conceive him as an autonomous reason or will. Man still retains his generic human nature. He is not invariably rational, but is "an animal, who on occasion becomes ideational." He possesses "a mechanism for self-stimulation." He is a "self-directing organism" and a "dynamic centre of activity." We are told that "most of human activity is at times teleological,"—that "men work and fight and live for something." This might even satisfy Kant, and in any case it in no wise weakens the Kantian contention that men must be regarded as ends and not as means in the moral realm. Nor does the new view deprive man of his capacity to be happy and to suffer, so that the utilitarian formula is precisely as apt as it was before.

* * *

When Professor Smith turns to his own justification of equality he does the best he can under the serious handicap of his instrumentalist theory. Since equality is not supported by "observed facts" (whatever that can possibly mean in instrumental terms) he suggests that we test the idea of equality as a moral slogan. It is a pity, he says, not to try the experiment of going in for equality. But doubts arise. Social experiments are not to be lightly undertaken. We can scarcely be expected to pay the cost and run the risks from a mere adventurous willingness to "try anything once." We would like to know whether it is an auspicious experiment, looking in the right direction. Furthermore, before we launch upon the experiment we should like to know who is to compose the jury, and by what evidence they are to pronounce the judgment of success or failure. Now in his somewhat ambiguous answers to these questions Professor Smith seems to say that the jury is going to include everybody, and that the experiment is to be pronounced a success if it enables mankind at large, through coöperation, to share in common ends. This, at least, is the impression which the reader gathers from such criteria of success as the author suggests. A moral concept is, according to Dewey, to be considered justified if it is "an adequate representative of the modern spirit." The claim that individuals are equal is true if it "promotes the major good of the situation that motivates the claim," if it serves as an "adequate stimulus to needed action," or "produces consequences of maximum desirability." Equality is proved by its conducing to "true coöperation" and "happy contentment,"—by its enabling men through coöperation "to live and then to live well." This "desirable" end, which is to serve as the standard by which equality is judged, is the "democratic" standard, which means "the sharing by all men up to the level of their ability of the ends for which they must work and fight," it must satisfy the "fundamental prerequisite of justice," and provide a "happy and efficient social order." But all of these ends and standards are equalitarian in principle. Therefore it seems to come to this,—that equality is to be tested pragmatically, and that the test is to be whether or not it results in equality. Equality is good if and because it results in equality.

The fact is that Professor Smith is a convinced adherent of the gospel of equalitarian democracy,—of the faith which rejoices that "the common laborer" should enjoy a "margin of leisure," of the creed which means that every man should have his chance, and that society should be if possible a partnership of persons who respect one another and themselves. These principles cannot be proved by their moral results, because they *define* the kind of moral result that is assumed as a criterion. In short, this book illustrates the fundamental paradox of a practical philosophy which has no philosophy of practise, or of an instrumental philosophy which provides no proof of the end by which the instrument is to be justified.

The Eighteenth Amendment

THE A-B-C OF PROHIBITION. By Fabian Franklin. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1927. $1.

Reviewed by Harold S. Davis

THE Psalmist, it may be presumed, was not thinking of prohibition when he wrote: "The zeal of thine house hath eaten me up." His remark, nevertheless, applies to much of the current debate upon that subject and to "The A-B-C of Prohibition" in particular. If Mr. Franklin's book savors largely of campaign invective, rather than skilful advocacy, this is partly because he has attempted the impossible in trying to compress into 150 small pages a comprehensive presentation of a subject which bristles with legal, political, and economic problems; the inevitable result is that his presentation consists largely of dogmatic generalizations, with little calculated to convince those not convinced already. The fundamental difficulty is, however, that he is so carried away by his belief that prohibition in any form is a burning iniquity that he often permits himself, as it were, to get in his own light and falls into an intemperance of thought and expression which tends to alienate rather than to persuade.

This comes out in the assumption which he constantly makes that the question has only one possible side and that those who differ from him must be moved by sheer perversity. It is probably the same want of calm thought that explains the failure to touch upon two of the strongest points urged by the supporters of prohibition, i. e., the increased danger to the public which, through the introduction of the automobile, now inheres in the use of liquor and the impossibility of making prohibition effective in States which wish to adopt it so long as the liquor traffic is countenanced by States adjacent.

It is, however, in his handling of the legal problems which enter so largely into any discussion of prohibition that Mr. Franklin's lack of poise most affects his arguments. The error which he makes here is akin to that so often made by the friends of prohibition, i. e., conceiving of the controversy as involving issues which go to the root of our theories of government, rather than as presenting what are, after all, mere questions of expediency. One illustration of this is found in his handling of the subject of "personal liberty:" his contention appears to be that a prohibition law differs from all other so-called "police regulations,"—barring, perhaps, the laws against narcotic drugs, which he regards as belonging in a class by themselves,—in that these laws, apart from those aimed at liquor, represent the practically unanimous sentiment of the community and only forbid things which no well-disposed citizens would want to do anyway. This suggestion must seem strange to the landowner who finds the value of his property largely destroyed by a zoning regulation or to the manufacturer who sees his business ruined by competition which he is unable to meet because of restrictive labor legislation.

Again, it is hard to follow Mr. Franklin's argument that the regulation of the liquor traffic by the United States, rather than by the States, is inconsistent with fundamental principles. The precise point at which the line may best be drawn between state and federal jurisdiction depends upon considerations of mere convenience and necessarily shifts from time to time. It is surely no more revolutionary to place the regulation of the liquor traffic in the hands of the national government than to override the settled policy of the States in the matter of voting qualifications.

* * *

Finally, Mr. Franklin's reasoning is based in large part on the idea that, however, it might be if the Eighteenth Amendment had merely given Congress authority to enact liquor laws, the insertion in the federal Constitution of a specific prohibition against the manufacture and sale of liquor is an unspeakable anomaly and, as it were, taints the entire instrument. The difficulty with this contention is that it disregards the whole trend of our constitutional development. The early constitutions of the several States were short and were largely confined to provisions as to the frame of government. The federal constitution was naturally shaped along similar lines. In the subsequent years, however, the successive state constitutions have tended steadily to increase in length and to embody provisions which operate as direct restraints upon individual conduct and have nothing to do with the governmental machinery. To cite only a few illustrations selected at random, Ohio in 1851 forbade by a constitutional provision the sale of lottery tickets, Mississippi in 1868 declared that "no person's life shall be perilled by the practice of duelling," Pennsylvania in 1873 provided that no foreign corporation should do business in the State without having an authorized agent upon whom process might be served, Arkansas in 1874 declared void all contracts calling for a greater rate of interest than ten per cent., and Delaware in 1897 forbade the issue of corporate stock except for value received, while Oklahoma in 1907 prohibited the employment of children in hazardous industries. The restraints upon the manufacture and sale of liquor which were inserted in the constitutions of many states after Kansas set the example in 1880 were in line with this tendency.

The inclusion of such police regulations in a constitution may be unwise in many instances, but it violates no basic principle for the simple reason that, in the last analysis, a constitution and an ordinary statute alike express the will of the same sovereign power, the difference being merely in the manner of establishment and repeal. A constitution is, in fact, nothing but a collection of laws which are regarded as so essential to the well-being of the community that they are enacted in a peculiarly solemn manner and are protected against alteration at the whim of a momentary majority. Just what laws are so important that they ought to be thus hedged about is always debatable. It is safe to say that many of the recent state constitutions are overloaded with relatively unimportant matter. The point is, however, that here, just as in the apportioning of federal and state jurisdiction, the drawing of the line between constitution and statute is nothing but a question of expediency. It is true that the federal constitution has been comparatively immune from the insertion of matter not having to do with the frame of government, but this is only because the difficulty of amendment has caused it to respond more slowly

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than the constitutions of the States to the trend of constitutional development. Even the federal constitution, however, presents at least one striking illustration of the general tendency. The Thirteenth Amendment does not simply give Congress power to legislate on the subject of slavery; it operates directly on the individual and affects his rights, his habits, and his property in a matter far more vital than that dealt with by the Eighteenth.

This, of course, is altogether different from saying that, even assuming the policy of prohibition to be sound on general principles, it was wise to insert a regulation of this kind in the federal constitution. The weighty arguments which may be urged on practical grounds against such a step are familiar and several of them are stated by Mr. Franklin with great force. In his presentation, however, they suffer from his attempting to found them on an illusory theory, instead of allowing them to stand on their own merits.

(*A letter by Mr. Franklin, replying to this review, proofs of which were sent him, will be found on page* 728.)

Elinor Wylie's New Novel

MR. HODGE AND MR. HAZARD. By Elinor Wylie. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1928. $2.50.

Reviewed by Lee Wilson Dodd

BUT suppose Shelley had not been drowned! True, Elinor Wylie has written us one lyrical novel upon that supposition, bringing Shelley to America and tracking him westward through the wilderness; and the Shelley she then brought to us was the Ariel of our dreams. Nevertheless, the possibilities of that singular supposition are far from exhausted. Shelley's ill-fated bark might after all have weathered the storm, might have returned to port; and Shelley might have continued to live on in Italy, in revolutionary Greece, in Spain. . . . He might, even, at forty, have returned to England. What would Shelley have been like at forty—and in England? Who knows? No longer precisely the hero for a lyrical novel, one fears; no longer the Ariel of our dreams. When Thomas Hardy's "Spirit of the Pities" speaks of "this terrestrial tragedy" it is a "Spirit Ironic" who interrupts him:

"*Nay, comedy—*"

"Mr. Hodge and Mr. Hazard" is comedy, then, —high, tenuous, ironic: for the poet in Elinor Wylie is doubled with a sprite more impish, with clear, quick, ruthless eyes.

There will be those who will say (it is fated) that Mr. Hartleigh is not Leigh Hunt. How could he be—since Leigh Hunt is mentioned by name in this very novel? And they will say that Mr. Hazard is not Shelley, for Shelley is also mentioned by name—indeed, Mr. Hazard possesses his poems. No, no, they will insist, Mr. Hazard is not Shelley at all, he is merely a personified satire on the revolutionary poetic romanticism of the early nineteenth century. He is a delightful blend, they will argue, of Shelley, Byron, Trelawney *et al.*, a clever synthesis of a given period and a recognizable movement. And they will be able (indeed, the author in her introductory "Advertisement" has pointed the way for them) to make out an excellent case for themselves.

Mr. Hazard may or may not be Shelley—the boy grown older; but Mr. Hartleigh is certainly Leigh Hunt. Who, then, is Mr. Hodge? I suggest, with some diffidence, that, though differently circumstanced, he is a satire upon the spiritual essence, the true inner man, of Mr. Thomas Jefferson Hogg, that cynical skeptic turned solid citizen and oddly equivocal friend. Be that as it may, Mr. Hodge represents all that was then leading in England to the hard, intellectual, and Philistine whiggism of a Macaulay—all that was to be the coldly respectable antithesis of the earlier romantic insurgence.

So much for the possible literary origins of Elinor Wylie's high comedy in narrative; but what of the comedy itself? To be briefly frank, the first third of it, for all its precision and brilliance of style, hovers just on the edge of being tiresome; but the remaining two-thirds far more than compensate for this preliminary languor. From the moment that Mr. Hazard, what is corporeally left of him, shakes off his influenza and mounts coach for Gravelow, the true magic fireworks begin—one of the most astonishingly sustained exhibitions of coruscating wit, flame-flower beauty, and far-flickering wisdom ever touched off for those who have eyes to see! The eyes are necessary, however—eyes of a somewhat special focus and sensitivity and training: for there are, I fear, a great many people in the world born stone-blind to these—what shall I call them?—these spiritual pyrotechnics. Sons and daughters, doubtless, of the very people who could stand about while Meredith was sending up whole sheaves of rockets to the stars, yet be entirely unaware that anything in the nature of a miracle was lacing and spangling the night with ruby and silver!

It was in the wet February of 1833 that Mr. Hazard, wearing a large black hat, returned to England, bringing with him from Greece a pistol ball somewhere behind his collar-bone. He had left his wife and his son, Lionel, in Spain. Mr. Hartleigh met him at the dock and conveyed him by hackney-coach to London, where Annamaria, Hartleigh's wife, found him sadly changed. "Why," she later exclaimed to her husband, "the man looks half dead and wholly mad!" Both appearances, however, as the novel will prove to us, were sufficiently deceptive.

Now Mr. Hazard, it seems, had a many-faceted genius, and among his lesser gifts was a *flair* for making himself uncomfortable. He at once contracted influenza, and it remained with him till spring—for seventy pages. And that is a pity! Thirty pages of influenza are quite enough, and the book itself suffers from the prolonged nature of his visitation.

Yet spring comes at last—Mr. Hazard revives—and is off to Gravelow, on the Thames, haunt of his youth. There, happily, he encounters Lady Clara Hunting, daughter by a second wife of that Gerald Poynyard who died Earl of Camphile and Eden. Gerald's first wife, Jennifer, as you assuredly remember, was childless. Lady Clara, still young, is very beautiful, and she possesses two lovely, unintellectual girls, Rosa and Allegra. Her husband is from home; so are her two sons and their tutor, Mr. Hodge. Had either the husband or Mr. Hodge been in residence at "Lyonesse," Mr. Hazard—his scarecrow form wrapped in the shadowy cloak of an evil reputation—could hardly have entered there. But Lady Clara and the girls are intermittently kind to Mr. Hazard; they pity his emaciated body and ply it with strawberries and cream. Not that Lady Clara is unaware of Mr. Hazard's evil past; she is perhaps a little intrigued by it; in any event it does not disturb her. She sees at once that the poor creature is entirely harmless, and even when she further sees that he has fallen in love with her youngest daughter, Allegra, that exquisite and indifferent child, she continues to ask Mr. Hazard twice a week to tea. He is writing a lyrical drama, founded on the Book of Job, and pretty Allegra thinks his verses, when he reads them, rather boring. Nor do Rosa or Lady Clara care much for his tenderer improvizations. Yet they find him a gentleman, are sorry for his isolation, his seeming helplessness. He is welcome, in short, to their tactful pity, to not too much of their society, and to their strawberries and cream.

Then the tutor, Mr. Hodge, returns with the boys—and the coming of Mr. Hodge brings on that "crack of doom in a tea-cup" which is the critical chapter of the book. Not that Mr. Knopf will be tempted at this juncture to imitate another publisher, seal up the remaining pages and dare you not to break the seal! Yet should you fail to read on, having read so far, you would miss some of the slyest, searchingest, loveliest, altogether most delicious pages in contemporary prose. However—with that dreadful influenza already well behind you—there is little danger of that . . . on the one condition that you are not of those who cannot believe seven angels, at least, may dance upon the glittering point of a wickedly bare bodkin!

A Study of Delusion

AN ARTIST IN THE FAMILY. By Sarah Gertrude Millin. New York: Boni & Liveright. 1928. $2.

Reviewed by Winifred Katzin

MRS. MILLIN'S new story discusses the balance of power in a household which is unlucky enough to contain a member with the "artistic temperament." The Bissakers, a moderately well-off "gentleman farmer" family in the Transvaal, have a son who believes himself a painter of genius. Intermittently they share his belief. He goes to England on a Rhodes scholarship disproportionately supplemented by his father's money, but never goes to the university. Instead he spends two vagabond years at his painting. In the course of this time he marries a young woman of base character, mean birth, and no education, moved to his strange act by sympathy for her lonely lot. He adopts her illegitimate child. His people learn that he is sick and without money and beg him to come home. He does so, bringing his new alliances of which he has characteristically failed to inform them in advance. The rest of the story tells of the years between his return and his fancied regeneration through an act of voluntary self-mutilation. It is a story of endless failures and false starts for the young man and continuous and patient effort on the part of his family to endure the burden of him, his ruinous depredations, his offences, his emotionalism, in a word, of his fantastic "artist's" egomania.

Mrs. Millin approaches her theme with earnest and intimate concern. She has none of the painful modern air of brilliantly tossing off a good story or a set of portraits with a flirt of the hand and a faintly deprecating virtuoso's smile. She turns no tricks and no epigrams. She has immense respect for the matter in hand, so that whatever she says has dignity even when it has not distinction. She employs a method which is somewhat like a dramatist's in her reliance upon carefully juxtaposed episodes for the revealing of character; it is not easy to do this effectively and yet without a trace of artificial contrivance. If, here and there, certain situations show the tail of melodrama it is always the hysterical artist who precipitates them and therefore gives them justification.

And yet, with all this, you come to the end of the book without having once felt that you have seen any of these people in the flesh. You have watched them play their parts in a logical, serious and careful plot designed to throw each phase of their natures and relationships into relief. The author has put appropriate sentences into their mouths and spent thought and patience upon the exposition and analysis of every unspoken underthought. They ought to be alive for you, but they aren't. You have been shown the parents suffering for each other's pain and for the child who has caused that pain. You have been shown a young man deluded about himself, but honestly, passionately deluded. There is an American negro missionary in the cast, a man full of a true and glowing ardor for his people. He wrecks his life in an affair with the artist's wife.

Can it be that seriousness and skill are not enough, then? Must there be something else before the pain of an author's characters can stab you or their loves cause your heart to beat? It may be so. It may be that he needs to be his people themselves, and not merely their artificer, if he would breathe life into their literary dust. Perhaps emphasis and meticulous care and honesty and intellectual sympathy are none of them substitutes for the vision, the unbidden impulse, the mysterious energy by which genius creates characters in the likeness of men.

A suggestion has been made (according to a Roman correspondent to the London *Observer*) that the magnificent Certosa of Capri, situated on the south side of the island, should be turned into an International Institute for Artists. A proposal to this effect was laid some time ago before the Commission of Intellectual Coöperation of the League of Nations, with the idea that the Commission should own the Certosa and throw it open to artists of all nations. The united groups of buildings cover an area of 1,000 square meters. They date from the fourteenth to the sixteenth centuries, and include four or five cloisters, large and small, a huge refectory and other spacious halls. Part of the convent is in ruins, but it is thought that the expense of repair and rebuilding would not prove prohibitive.

The Fascist Syndicate of Authors and Writers is, however, of opinion that the Italian Government should maintain its rights over this historic site and invite artists, Italian and foreign, to stay there in turn for two months.

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The Bowling Green

The Folder

OCCASIONALLY, when I think about poems that have not had the luck they deserve, I look up the little volume of Odes by Charles Leonard Moore, published privately in 1896. Mr. Moore, who has been dead several years, used sometimes to visit the office of the *Evening Post* in the Vesey Street era; and those who were privileged to meet him were aware of a proud and honorable spirit whose fortitude was equal to the unmerited difficulty and distress of his last days. I don't suppose the present generation of *Dial* readers remember the magazine when Charles Leonard Moore was its editor in Chicago; but I feel an odd impulse to reprint just a brief fragment of Moore's Elegy on Edgar Allan Poe to show you the kind of thing he was writing in his prime. I have tried it, now and then, on young enthusiasts: never without some response—

Poppy, therefore, and every poisonous growth
Took he, that could transport his soul away
From his wide prison;—for his eyes were loth
And weary of the day.
And every steed he chartered, that did go
A little on the journey from the earth;
And joined each distance-seeking caravan,
Where e'er the waves did roll, or the winds blow
O'er this world's abrupt and precipitous girth,
Swiftly his spirit ran.
Drunk with imaginations, drunk with wine,
Drowsy with dreams or waking with desires,
He sat at Pleasure's feet and would not rise,
Enamored of oblivion in vain,
Pleasure, no more smooth-lipped, no more divine,
But burning with unfathomable fires,
With melancholy in her mighty eyes,
With proud lips curbing pain.
Long there he sat, while in a cup she gave
Most bitter drink for thirst, and the salt wave.
Last Death arose.—Then he, the hungry-eyed,
Rose to the spectre, with embraces rude,
Love's tender violence unto a bride,
With low-toned words long wooed,
There was a little music to be heard,
There was a kindling splendor in the air,
And he, our king of song, had come and gone. . . .

As long as Autumn, or the dim twilight,
Usurp the seats of Summer or throned Day,
As long as shadows thicken in our minds,
He reigns, who was the very spirit of strife,
Who was primeval to the hoary night,
Who was the god and image of decay;
And all the tossed waves and storm-stricken winds
Of distressed human life
Answer to him, who, with the secret stars,
Rises o'er chaos to renew its wars.

CHARLES LEONARD MOORE.
(Elegy on Edgar Allan Poe.)

* * *

A highly valued correspondent in Lausanne, Swiss himself but perfectly bilingual, writes:—

I've read a good many American books lately. A little group of amateurs decided to study contemporary American literature and we've had three interesting séances, one on Sinclair Lewis (I liked *Elmer Gantry* best of those I read of his), another on Jack London's *Martin Eden* (a powerful if not exactly a contemporary work), and one, at which I presided, on Willa Cather. I think *One of Ours*, *The Professor's House*, and *Death Comes for the Archbishop*, three very remarkable books. Our next subject is Eugene O'Neill. I've read *Marco Millions* but did not like it so much as some of his former plays—*All God's Chillun* and *Desire Under the Elms* in particular.

Eh bien, vous voyez qu'on s'intéresse a l'Amérique même ici où tout ce qui est américain n'est cependant pas aussi à la môde qu'en Allemagne where Dreiser's and Anderson's books are the craze of the day. C'est, du moins, ce qu'on dit.

Sans doute, je reçois regulièrement la *Saturday Review* (ma belle-mère m'y a abonné). Je la lis souvent avec beaucoup de retard, mais je la lis, et, tenez, j'ai beaucoup aimé les articles sur Hardy. Comme vous avez raison d'associer Hardy et le contact immediat de choses élémentaires, l'herbe, la terre, un feu de bois!

RENÉ RAPIN.

* * *

From a far western post-office which we need not identify arrives this cheerful halloo:—

Dear Sir: After a week's spree I possess a kit with a few rags, a copy of Shandygaff, and four cents.

The four cents is a problem, I was going to buy four penny boxes of matches—but a more interesting way of relieving my pockets of this surplus presented itself. I have been thinking of writing you and requesting the name of your favorite tobacco.

You see during the past year I have been herding sheep in the ———— country. With a few good books and plenty of tobacco I rather enjoyed the loneliness. Your essays on Smoking I am particularly fond of—I am curious to know, what tobacco you do use.

I shall now invest my four cents in stamps—and watch expectantly for the "camp tender" who delivers the mail on his fortnightly rounds.

P. S. This is an asinine thing to do—yet it harmonizes with all my actions—asinine!

Not asinine at all, old son. Keep your eye open for the camp tender, and don't let him swipe the small package that is on the way. D'you ever try O. Henry? He knew all about sheep herding.

* * *

Delaware, Ohio, writes:—

A few weeks ago you called attention to the fact that Conrad was the originator of "Girl Friend."

You ought further to give Kipling the credit for originating "It" so long ago as 1904. See his *Mrs. Bathurst* (*Traffics and Discoveries*, Doubleday edition, p. 325):

"'Tisn't beauty, so to speak, nor good talk necessarily. It's just It. Some women'll stay in a man's memory if they once walk down a street, but most of 'em you can live with a month on end, an' next commission you'd be put to it to certify whether they talked in their sleep or not, as one might say."

That experienced sailor, Emmanuel Pyecroft, is the speaker quoted.

J. DE LANCEY FERGUSON.

* * *

Connell, Wash., writes:—

It is doubtful if even the ancient and famous Tabard Inn could boast of a more unique punch-bowl than is told about in the January 13, 1790 issue of *The Concord Herald and Newhampſhire Intelligencer* (*Printed* at Concord Newhampſhire by George Hough).

I quote this ancient journal exactly, barring the fact that my typewriter does not contain the peculiar "s" in use at that time.

Remarkable monumental Inſcription in Scotland,
recorded by Mr. Gilpin.

"As we paſſed along the higher banks of the Tay, we ſaw an inſcription engraven upon a rock, within the bed of the river; and as we deſcended to it we expected to ſee an account of ſome life preferred, or ſome natural curoſity found on that ſpot; but when we arrived at it, we were informed, in fair and hanſome Roman characters, that a *hole in the rock*, near the inſcription (ſcooped as there were many, by the vortices of the river) was on ſuch a day, ſome years ago, *drank full of punch*, by a ſet of gentlemen, whoſe names are inſcribed at length.—The atchievement, ſays Mr. Gilpin, appears to have been great in its way; but one would have been ſorry to have met the name of a friend recorded on ſuch an occaſion."—What are your *Roman* and *Grecian Monuments*—your *Revolutionary Pillars*; compared to this *immortalization* of *Punch-drinking!*"

FRANK H. CASS.

* * *

A schoolgirl in Bridgeport writes:—

On Monday I heard Professor Chauncey B. Tinker of Yale lecture on Keats. I have been waiting for that lecture with joy and trembling; joy because John Keats is John Keats, trembling because I did not want my beautifully imagined idea of his character, disposition and whole life to be spoiled by some fact I did not find in his poetry. I might have saved myself the trembling. All the virtues I had attributed to him were emphasized ten-fold. As for vices, as far as my ears heard, he didn't have any. Professor Tinker is an ideal poetry teacher. He didn't try to *teach* Keats. He endeavored merely to show us just why he loved Keats and delighted so in his poetry.

* * *

OBSERVATIONS ON OBSCURITY

I have always been profoundly impressed with the intense interest that would surround the recorded point of view of the average obscure individual who happened to have lived in one of the more exciting periods of the world's history. The trouble is that he never records it, nor is it ever recorded on his behalf.

The great world games of history are played by and for the edification of a very few important people. The rest of us are distinguishable from these shining ones chiefly as a disorganized mass of folks sharing equally an incredible amount of misinformation as to what has been really going on.

How wonderful it would be if some archæologist intent upon disinterring the tedious self-glorifications of a complacent king should come upon a tablet whereon some scribe of an original turn of mind had set down the meditations of a hoplite in Xenephon's army, overheard beside the campfire by the Tigris, or on a vellum roll the reflections of some sturdy legionary tramping the path of destiny through the hills of Gaul. How much more interesting than the stately periods of Cicero would be a record of the somber thoughts of some humble follower of Cataline. Would that the voice of the obscure, excluded from participation in the voice of the captains, might be clearly heard once in a century—the one clear call of evolution above the senseless shouting of the speciously significant.

It is doubtless a great privilege to live in an important period of history—one of those critical eras in the development of the race when the march of events seems suddenly to strike upon a dead wall with tremendous concussion and be flung back at an acute angle. The fact of existence at such a time, however, exacts those graver responsibilities invariably entailed by significance. And the gravest of these responsibilities is participation. Nothing is expected of one who exists in one of those peaceful periods which have no annals. In an age in which nothing happens there is obviously no stimulus for expression. Only the few who owe their prominence to an accident of birth, of fortuity, of succession, perform deeds—and those are of the dullest-recorded on the skipped pages of history. In time, however, of epoch making activity when Charon is overworked and the recording angel must enlarge his staff, even the normally insignificant may emerge unrecognizable in blazes of assorted glory.

One can no longer face posterity with "That I do not know, said he, but 'twas a wondrous victory." It makes no difference whether one is right or wrong, but being out of it is a cardinal and unforgivable sin. The very least one could have done is to have prophesied the cataclysm more or less vaguely, and be able to produce written evidence of the prophecy.

But sometimes a concourse of events forces upon the individual an inescapable inactivity. This is the first point of the brief with which I propose to confront a judicial posterity.

I am not speaking now of the familiar tragedy of youth eagerly sitting in at the great game—holding four aces and, in the words of the inimitable Virginian "no chance to play 'em," until the hands that hold those excellent cards falter and fail.

But here we have to do with the problem of living in an epoch with an eye to posterity. I see in my little son the fiercest critic of my future. I dread no reckoning more than that which I must render him, when I sit in the biggest and softest chair in his house, by his favorite reading lamp, spilling the ashes of my pipe down my disordered waistcoat, prattling interminable reminiscences of no historic value and little interest. I cannot hope to make him sympathize with my pet notion that, whatever else I may have accomplished, in giving him such advantages of culture and other misinformation as his generation afforded, I have done my biggest and best job. I should, I hope, scorn to invent brave deeds of mine. It seems most unlikely that I shall ever do them. And so it is my constant fear that by standardization with the heroes of history I shall inevitably and cruelly suffer. Furthermore, I shall have lived in a real epoch, and shall have as little unique information about it to disclose, as little share in its immensities as if I had lived in a neighboring star. We, the inevitably obscure, the comfortably tragic, elaborately upset by minor debts and the baby's croup, what a pity that we fail to record our point of view about it all.

O. M. DENNIS.

* * *

That a man's character and mental qualities affect his handwriting is unquestionable, and experts by study of detail have come to agreement on general laws which win conviction and often surprise by the accuracy of their results. It happened that contemporaneously with our Tract XXIII a learned treatise on the subject appeared, *The Psychology of Handwriting*, by Robert Saudek (London: George Allen, 1925), and no criticism of handwriting is complete without the kind of knowledge which it supplies; the book is indeed a very hold-all, compendium, encyclopædia or touskilya of the subject. . . .

Professors of graphology do not pretend to divination, they deduce logically from facts; there are, however, instances of their rivalling the mysteries of palmistry: as in a story I heard lately, how one of them asserting that he could read not only the character of a writer, but also many particulars of his life-history, was challenged by an unbeliever, who, drawing a letter from his pocket, offered it, saying, "Tell me then something about the man who wrote that." After a careful study the professor returned it and said, "I could tell you many things about your friend, the most remarkable of all is perhaps the number of elder sisters that he had"; and it was so—for he had eight.

Similar feats are recorded of Mr. Samuel Rickards, a fellow of Oriel in 1817, by the Rev. T. Mozeley in his Reminiscences, who states that after much study Rickards arrived at a system "which gave him access to the secrets of the heart," but that system he would never divulge, for he felt that it was too dangerous a secret "to be placed in all hands." His historian was evidently convinced of his ability, but he only gives one full example of it. "Of a well-known Oxford professor's handwriting which he had never seen before, he said that the writer was both a country gentleman and a university man, that he combined two professions and wore heavy boots. The writer lived at Oxford and was a good scholar, but was never happy except in country occupations; he had been a tutor and he was a physician; and he was remarkable for his heavy boots." When Richards saw the Duke of Wellington's hand-writing he said: "This man will never marry." On being shown Miss Fry's handwriting, he began: "This man——."

—ROBERT BRIDGES in *English Handwriting*.
(Society for Pure English, Tract No. XXVIII.)

These anecdotes seem to me a bit naive. To push the possibility of deduction from handwriting too far seems to me to throw unwarrantable doubts upon its very genuine validities. I wish the S.P.E., in its pursuit of this topic, would offer some comments on the interesting differences between British and American handwritings. Are these due to different methods of instruction, or are they due to national disparities of temperament?

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

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Books of Special Interest

Gospel Diction

THE POETRY OF OUR LORD. By C. F. BURNLEY. New York: Oxford University Press.

Reviewed by CHARLES C. TORREY
Yale University

THE word "poetry" in the title of this book by the late Professor Burney has reference to form rather than to inherent quality. A well known specialist in Hebrew and Old Testament literature, he had recently become interested in the linguistic background of the four Gospels and the attempt to ascertain the original form of the narratives and discourses of which they are composed. The first of this new interest appeared in his "Aramaic Origin of the Fourth Gospel" (1922), in which he undertook to demonstrate the presence of an Aramaic idiom underlying the Greek. While collecting material for this book he was struck by the frequent resemblance of its style to the diction of the Prophets and Psalmists of the Bible, that is, to a definite literary form characterized by parallelism and by rhythmic lines of equal length. Turning then to the discourses contained in the three synoptic Gospels, he found a striking predominance of the same literary form. Here also the rhythm is frequently unmistakable, and parallelism, especially of the antithetic variety, is very common. He was thus led to propound the theory that Jesus, following in the steps of the Hebrew prophets, uttered his discourses in verse. Since the tradition varies, sometimes greatly, in the several documents, Burney made conformity to the type of strict poetic form the test of genuineness. Following this criterion, he found that while the original form of the sayings has been preserved now in one source and now in another, there is a very decided superiority of Matthew over Mark and Luke in this regard; and furthermore, that the discourses contained only in the Fourth Gospel are generally authentic.

The book begins with a brief treatment of parallelism and accentual verse as exemplified in the poetry of the Old Testament, and then proceeds to illustration from the Gospels. Parallelism indeed is very often present in the sayings of Jesus; as to this, all our sources agree. His teaching seems always to have been characterized by conciseness and pungency, and wherever these qualities are present we are sure to find examples of sententious repetition or of crisp antithesis. The gnomic discourse, the proverbial philosophy, of any language or time can furnish illustration. There is of course to be added the potent influence of the Hebrew literary style. In view of all this, it is very noticeable that Burney was unable to find in the Gospel discourses examples of sustained parallelism, such as we find everywhere in the poetical parts of the Old Testament. The instances which he can cite are sporadic and at best extend over only a few verses. It is also a suspicious fact that the source chosen by him, on the basis of its literary form, as the one reproducing most nearly the original words is in most cases not the one to which preference is given by the consensus of New Testament scholars.

The argument based upon evidence of accentual verse is on even more difficult ground. It is true that many portions of the discourses are unmistakably rhythmical, in whatever language they may be written. There is often a considerable succession of clauses of about the same length; and in the numerous cases of parallelism there is such verbal correspondence as to suggest a perfect balance of rhythm in the phrases as they were originally spoken. Here Burney must go behind the Greek of our four Gospels to the language in which the sayings were uttered. He accordingly postulates for the Aramaic of the first century the three varieties of meter known to us from the Hebrew Bible, and proceeds to demonstrate their presence in the Gospels by means of a retroversion. This laborious task is accomplished with skill, but the result is far from convincing. The greater part of what he achieves is not poetry at all. As a rule, the discourses and briefer sayings of Jesus are not conceived in the poetic mood. The emotional quality is only occasionally present. The sustained movement of verse, of whatever nature, cannot be felt by the reader. The diction of Burney's Aramaic is that of prose, and no legitimate retroversion from the Greek could produce anything else, in the most of the material which lies before us. Here and there are passages in which the reduction to metric form brings no sense of incongruity, but in the main the imposition of this strait-jacket is so manifestly artificial as to be distressing.

The comparison with the impassioned poetry of the Hebrew prophets and psalmists is not justified. The four Gospels show us a great teacher speaking to plain people in a manner strikingly simple and matter-of-fact. The directness—not to say bluntness—of much of the discourse material seems utterly out of keeping with any theory of a prescribed literary form. Now and again, indeed, comes strong feeling and with it rhythm, sufficiently recognizable in any version. In some of the more eloquent passages a certain approach to metric regularity is apparent even in the Greek. Burney regarded his demonstration of strict accentual meter as conclusive, and submits that the formal regularity achieved by his Aramaic retroversion cannot be accidental. There is certainly room, however, for a different opinion.

The Semitic sentence is normally short, and in any rhetorically conceived composition there will be found very many clauses of about the length of a Hebrew metric line. It is easy—almost too easy—to reduce such a clause to a form of Semitic words that can be fitted to one or another of the standard schemes. Burney takes full advantage of the elasticity of accentual verse. A single stress is made to carry five (frequently) and even six full syllables; see for example pp. 128, 134, 169, 170, and 172. Add to this, that his lines are often padded with unessential particles; that numerous clauses, or entire sentences, are regarded as standing outside the metric scheme; and that occasional words and phrases are excised by him for the sole reason that they are metrically superfluous, and it will be apparent why the present reviewer feels that the claim to have demonstrated Aramaic verse is not substantiated.

There is in the book no discussion of the question, how far the Evangelists themselves may reasonably be held responsible for such quasi-metric regularity as can be observed in their respective works. An eminent authority in New Testament Greek, the late Professor J. H. Moulton, asserted in the Prolegomena to his Grammar that "the NT writers had little idea that they were writing literature." Burney would not have said this. In his previous work on the Fourth Gospel he attempted to show that the musical cadences of its prologue (1, 1-18), in their Aramaic original, are those of "a hymn, written in eleven parallel couplets, with comments introduced here and there by the writer." Whether this is verse or rhythmic prose, its author (the author of the Gospel) knew that he was writing literature. It is true that the Greek style, in all four Gospels, is ordinarily barbarous; but one who can look behind the Greek to the underlying Aramaic sees plenty of evidence of a pure and faultless idiom and of literary finish. The balance of clauses, the rhythmic swing, in rhetorical prose are at least as characteristic of the Semitic high style as of any other. The two Gospels which in the disposition and independent treatment of their material give the most striking evidence of conscious art are the First and Fourth. Certainly Matthew knew himself to be writing literature.

No one will doubt that the language of the discourses, as they were originally uttered, was rhythmical where rhythm was in place. Will it often be possible, however, in the varying tradition of these sayings, to distinguish with certainty the art of the speaker himself from that of his editors and interpreters? We can indeed occasionally be confident, as Burney insists, that we know the precise form of words, and we can very often be sure that we have a true report of the substance. Burney has rendered valuable service in demonstrating so clearly the frequent presence of a literary form which is both highly artistic and also characteristically Semitic. His analysis of the types of parallelism (pp. 63-99) as well as his illustration of formal rhythm will repay careful study. The truly poetic character of much of the underlying thought, which he evidently takes for granted, is apparent in every documentary source and felt by every understanding reader.

The new book by Maeterlinck is a critical, rather than a creative, work. "La Vie de l'Espace" (Paris: Fasquelle), is an attempt to make the recent studies of Einstein and others on the fourth dimension in some degree comprehensible to the profane.

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Sisley Huddleston

By WILLIAM LEON SMYSER

THE time has come to consider the expatriate, Sisley Huddleston. Within two years he has published "France and the French," "Mr. Panama," "France," and "In and About Paris." As their titles indicate, the scope of these volumes extends from pure fiction to variations upon a Lucas theme. "France and the French" is a reaction to Gallic life, its mechanics, art, and society, comparable with that sturdy little work, "The France of Today," which Barrett Wendell wrote after his year as exchange professor at the Sorbonne. Unlike the Harvard man, and indeed unlike most commentators upon foreign life, Mr. Huddleston lives in the country he describes. In Paris he has established his residence in a great studio looking down over Montparnasse toward the furthermost reaches of the city. He has become a Parisian among Parisians, *un Parisien de Paris*. Superficially he belongs to those other transplanted authors, James Stephens, Norreys Jephson O'Conor, James Joyce, Ford Madox Ford, Ernest Hemingway, Louis Bromfield, Ludwig Lewisohn, and Elliot Paul. Essentially, however, he is by far the most acclimated to surroundings which have now been his for nearly a score of years. He has passed through the period of reaction from Anglo-Saxon civilization in which the editor of *transition* (sic.) is immersed. He has acquired French habits of life while retaining Anglo-Saxon habits of mind.

At the outset one must distinguish between the work of Huddleston and his colleagues in the Paris school of English letters. Unlike most of them, his principal work lies, not in the field of poetry and fiction, but in that of history and criticism. His one novel, "Mr. Paname, a Paris Fantasia," makes neither the claims nor the revolutionary pretensions of "The Case of Mr. Crump" or "Ulysses." It is, however, a delightful book, reflecting life in the Latin Quarter and along both sides of the Seine more suavely than "The Sun Also Rises." In its mingling of American colonists with their French hosts many important figures in Paris life are introduced, while those two institutions, the Café du Dome and Ezra Pound, editor of the *Exile*, are delightfully transformed into the Café de la Coupole and Ezra Ounce!

Only three of Huddleston's associates in Paris approach him in their work. James Stephens is in another world, for though he has become historian, his folk are Celtic fairies. On the other hand Norreys Jephson O'Conor has written, in "Changing Ireland," a brief survey of political, artistic, and literary conditions which is not foreign to the much fuller investigations that compose "France and the French" and "France." Similarly, those chapters in the "France" which deal with culture and the modern literature are comparable with Ludwig Lewisohn's preface in "Poets of Modern France," because certain of Mr. Huddleston's observations complement those of the earlier critic. It is with Ford Madox Ford, however, that one discovers a kindred spirit engaged in similar work. Ignoring for the comparison Mr. Ford's collaboration with Conrad, his novel sequence, and his works on art, the two men stand together by their interest in the country of their adoption, their life in the more tranquil currents of Parisian literature, and their writing and lecturing about French ways. Even at times they may engage in friendly rivalry, as in the simultaneous appearance of "In and About Paris" and "A Mirror to France." It is in such analyses of the Gaul that Mr. Huddleston excels.

One has the sensation of reading autobiography as he turns the pages of any study of France or her leaders written by this man. Is he so completely imbued with the culture and so intimately attuned to the emotions of his hosts that he has been able to affect a spiritual identity with them? If that were the case his judgments would be less independent. He would see only the more courageous aspects of French art, only the Gallic explanation of the war. The true explanation of his sympathy for France lies in the love that one must always hold for the person or the environment where one can feel biggest, most alive, most truly one's self. It is not an unrelated consideration that Mr. Huddleston has wed a French woman, yet his attitude toward France and Paris is based upon a more subtle influence than that of direct personal contact. He himself has quoted Rainer Maria Rilke's eulogy of Paris as the city where everybody comes naturally to express his own personality. Interesting himself in so many aspects of life, in science, in art, in administrative problems, politics, and personalities, Mr. Huddleston finds himself swept into every circle of Parisian life. His books reflect at once a critical and a profoundly sympathetic reaction to these varied experiences.

Most intimate and immediate experience for the Anglo-Saxon inhabitant of the Left Bank is the life of Montparnasse and the Latin Quarter. This life Mr. Huddleston accepts with the ease of all cosmopolites.

Imposing in appearance and *ex cathedra* in utterance, he looms above the café groups like a modern Samuel Johnson. Like the illustrious dictionary maker he congregates with men of letters, and seeks by preference those haunts which they frequent. The Closerie des Lilas with its quiet grove and less boisterous terrace appeals to him as it has appealed to James Stephens, Paul Fort, or Ford Madox Ford. He has, however, his customary table at the more Americanized Select. He is known at the Café Voltaire where for two generations such men as Henri de Regnier, Paul Bourget, André Gide, Maurice Barrès, François Coppée, Stephen Mallarmé, and Jean Richepin have resorted. He believed in the literary and excentric sections of Paris, in spite of their carefully cultivated peculiarities and pose:

> Montparnasse is at once iniquitous and virtuous, morbid and healthy, foolish and wise. Men and women degenerate or flourish in this soil. Their qualities, bad or good, expand luxuriantly. They are petty, and they are noble. They are silly and sublime. A good deal has veritably come out of Montparnasse—that strange, teeming human hive, so different from the bourgeois or working districts of Paris; and a good deal more, with all its faults, which are conspicuous enough, but which do not nullify its merits, will come out of Montparnasse.

Much broader than his acquaintance in the world of Bohemian letters, where new links are daily forged to complete the chain of American letters, is Mr. Huddleston's association with French writers and critics. He has not the professional interest of Mr. William Aspenwall Bradley in the cultivation of these friendships, yet few indeed are the notable authors who have not climbed to his studio and contributed autographed editions to the fascinating library which lines its walls. He follows closely and comments upon the latest aberration or true masterpiece produced by the surréalists, by Paul Léon Fargue, by Jacques Cocteau, or by Soupault. At the same time he does not follow the current mode to depreciate the older masters, the generation which has passed, leaving an empty space and chaos. Long ago he anticipated and rejected this literary fashion.

From the leaders of the literary world Mr. Huddleston turns to those who direct the nation. During the war and the peace conference he was closely attached to the statesmen who formulated the allied policy, and his "Peace Making at Paris" has the distinction of being the first work published on the Congress of Versailles after the terms of agreement became known. Here, and in "Those Europeans," he pictures the few men who wielded for a year imperial power. Clemenceau, sitting with gray-gloved hands spread out, refusing all concession. Lloyd George, seeking a durable peace from which all "unnecessary" revenge might be cut away. Mr. Huddleston was himself the author of the famous "moderation interview" in the *Westminster Gazette* which resulted in the Prime Minister's hasty recall by three hundred and seventy members of Parliament who obliged him to make the most sensational speech of his career in defense of a reasonable indemnity. This was the drama of the conference. There is also its wit, when President Wilson unrolled his fourteen points and Clemenceau ejaculated, "God was content with ten!"

In his style and turn of thought Mr. Huddleston has learned much from the French. From them, too, he has borrowed his habits and his material. Like the typical Parisian whom he describes, however, he is able to divorce his enthusiasms from criticism, his heart from his head. He remains an aloof, if sympathetic, commentator upon French life and letters. Unlike Julian Green, who has abandoned the Anglo-Saxon for the French, he keeps his contact with both civilizations—a liaison officer.

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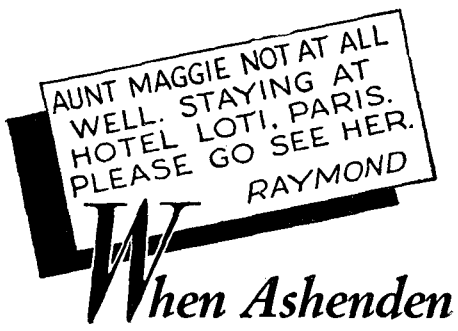

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A Frank Statement

By EVERETT MCNEILL

Author of "For the Glory of France"

IN writing for boys and girls the author must always remember that he is writing not only to please young folks, but also to please the grown-ups, who buy books for children — parents, grandparents, brothers and sisters, uncles and aunts, librarians, all who purchase books for boys and girls to read. He must ever keep them in the back of his mind as he writes; for the success or the failure of his book will depend largely on the commendation or the condemnation of the grown-ups—not on the likes or dislikes of the children for whom it was supposed to have been written.

This makes the successful writing of tales for the young exceptionally difficult; for the author must please two very different kinds of readers with very dissimilar, often quite contrary, likes and dislikes. Boys, and girls, too, crave excitement, adventure, peril, "somethin' doin'" all the time in every tale they read. Elders, at least many of them, think the kind of excitement a boy or girl likes best is not always the kind of excitement it is best for him or her to have. They, apparently, do not want their children's minds and imaginations to be greatly wrought upon, their emotions to be deeply moved. The boys and girls do not care much whether or not the story interests their elders, so long as it interests them. They will not read it, if they do not like it; and the parents will not buy it for them if, for any reason, they do not approve of it.

So there the author stands between these two extremes. He must always write with the knowledge that, if, perchance, he pleases one of them, he may displease the other. The happy medium! That is what all the writers of children's tales are trying to discover. Some authors find it—and succeed. Others do not hit it—and fail. So far as I have discovered there are no set rules to go by, no guide-posts to point out the right road to travel. Only in a sort of general way can advice be given.

I would suggest that a writer of tales for boys and girls should first study children and find out what things in a tale interest them most and then how to tell these things in the way they like best. In addition, he must so write them that there will be nothing in them which will cause their rejection by the elders who buy the books to give to the boys and the girls.

Possibly, the historical tale comes the nearest to furnishing the happy medium. At least it is the way with which I am most familiar. If the author selects—and all the history of mankind is at his disposal—a dramatic and interesting period, with an heroic and romantic personage to act as his leading historical character; and then has his boy or girl hero of the tale follow him through some of the most thrilling and daring and historically important doings of his career, he can hardly help having a tale that will interest his young readers, provided—and this "provided" becomes rather a large proviso—he has the storyteller's gift of describing scenes and things so that the boys and the girls can visualize them and so that they come to feel a personal interest in the actors who appear in them. If the author does not happen to have this storytelling gift, then the writing of tales for boys and girls is not for him and the sooner he discovers this the heavier his bank account will eventually become.

Likewise this kind of a tale is quite sure to please the elders, provided it is well and conscientiously written, because of the information it contains regarding the history, the manners, and the customs of the period in which the tale is laid and the brave deeds of its great historical characters. But the author must be most careful to have his history correct and to draw his historical characters as true to life as he can make them.

This, in brief, is one of the ways in which I have endeavored to find this happy medium, and please both the young who read the books and the grown-ups who buy the books for them to read. Other authors doubtless have other ways. But all who succeed must somehow discover how to write the tale that will delight both the children and the grown-ups; for it is almost as fatal to please one and not the other, as it would be to displease both.

Reviews

WITH LA SALLE THE EXPLORER. By VIRGINIA WATSON. Illustrations by HENRY C. PITZ. New York: Harper & Bros. 1927. $2.50.

Reviewed by ALLAN NEVINS

BOYS with a taste for Western adventure will find this story an excellent introduction to that epic of discovery about which they may later care to read in Francis Parkman's "La Salle and the Discovery of the Great West." The author has rightly embroidered very little upon the authentic narrative of the Sieur de la Salle's great voyage down the Niagara, the northern lakes, the Illinois, and the Mississippi to the Gulf, and his subsequent hopeless attempt to establish a fort at the mouth of the Mississippi, terminating in his assassination by two of his own mutinous men. La Salle's own words are again and again quoted; the history of his wanderings, his clashes with the Indians, his sensations upon reaching first the Mississippi and then the Gulf, his misfortunes in what is now Texas —all this is told with spirit and imagination, but with a careful regard for the facts.

The hero of the book is a Breton lad, Raoul, whom La Salle picks up at the court of Versailles, and whom he carries away first to a school in Quebec. Here Raoul meets a French girl, Denise, with whom in the end there is the inevitable romance. But before the two are united in New France, Raoul has followed La Salle to the very ends of what became Louisiana, and has shared his finest exploits and grimmest disasters. It is the disasters which will hold the youthful reader's attention most closely. How La Salle, searching for the mouth of the Mississippi with his little fleet from France, pushed too far west and landed instead at Matagorda Bay; how he spent weary months searching through the woods and swamps for the Mississippi; how they ran the gauntlet of hostile Indians, and how the treachery of L'Archevêque and others at last, in the Texan wilderness, slew La Salle, is a gripping history. The author's style is clear and graceful, and she has evidently steeped herself in the lore of the time.

STORIES BARRY TOLD ME. Recorded by his daughter, EVA PAIN. With colored illustrations by MRS. BERNARD DARWIN. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 1928. $2.

Reviewed by MARGERY BIANCO

THERE is always more fascination for small children in a story that is told than in one that is merely written. These little tales, invented by the English humorist, Barry Pain, many years ago, to amuse his small daughter as they walked back every morning from the beach, were originally set down by her exactly as she heard them. They have the real spontaneity of stories made up on the spur of the moment; one can almost tell just where invention began to flag and just where the right inspiration came in unexpectedly to give a new twist to the narrative. Whimsical yet matter-of-fact, with all of their author's well-known geniality and humor, they are of just the right length and quality to be read aloud with success. They are about gnomes, animals, dream-trees, little girls who slap their governesses, mysterious shop-keepers, and men who earn their living by diving off seaside piers—anything and everything that came into the story-teller's mind, to be turned into something funny and unexpected. Above all they are delightfully silly, a very rare and endearing quality in any child's book. The book is an excellent thing to keep on the nursery shelf for bedtime or rainy afternoons, and the tales are simple enough to be easily memorized for retelling.

A Suggestion

It is possible at Milton Bradley's and other educational houses to buy outline maps to be painted, etc. These make good collateral material for a child's reading, especially if abundant in large-scale detail of any given district.

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The New Books

The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received. Many of them will be reviewed later.

Biography

UP FROM THE CITY STREETS: ALFRED E. SMITH. By NORMAN HAPGOOD and HENRY MOSKOWITZ. Harcourt, Brace. 1927. $2.50.

Despite its high-sounding sub-title, "A Biographical Study in Contemporary Politics," this book is not a detached survey. It is a campaign biography. Like all campaign biographies of the better sort, it admits faults and weaknesses in its hero, but as a rule it places these defects in the past and it invariably minimizes them, so that, in general, they almost appear as virtues, since they are represented as showing the hero's growth toward perfection. At no time are they permitted to stain the essential purity of his political character.

When, for instance, reference must be made to Smith's speech before the Democratic national convention in 1924 at Madison Square Garden, following his defeat for the Presidential nomination, the authors say merely that "feeling it necessary to make a statement of his record in New York" he "made it sound egotistic, a remarkable occurrence, since almost always he takes but moderate credit for himself and gives much to his party," and that "for once in his political career . . . he did not rise to the occasion." These words, as the Frenchman remarked, praise with faint damns. A reader would not get from them the fact that Smith's friends were shocked by the ineptitude of the speech and that even his political foes were astounded.

In treating of Smith's relations with Mayor Hylan the authors either forget or deliberately suppress an incident which they may well regret. They quote Smith's explanation of his final decision that Hylan had to be eliminated: "I do not think it is fair to the people of New York that a man with so little intelligence should again be their mayor, and I personally am ashamed to have the city represented by him." Smith knew what Hylan's intelligence was long before he reached the end of his first term. Yet he made the speech placing him in renomination. This same unscientific reticence is responsible for one of the most amusing understatements ever penned: "William Sulzer was not a heavyweight." One might as well characterize "Big Bill" Thompson by saying that he is not a scholar.

The merits of the book are its comprehensiveness and its concreteness. It gives a vivid picture of Smith's life from his early boyhood, it presents his ideas in his own words and it sketches the background against which his career has developed. At the end it discusses frankly the obstacles to his election as President. Its thesis is that Smith is a Tammany politician who has outgrown the sordidness of the Hall and gained the right to be respected as a statesman. In supporting this thesis it provides a panorama of Smith's achievements which is timely, interesting and instructive.

THE LOW-DOWN. By CHARLES G. SHAW. Holt. 1928. $2.50.

This book is a series of snapshots at a variety of well-known people, literary, musical, artistic, and so on. They are delineated in pithy phrase; and each one is, in addition, portrayed in a sketch by Peter Arno, prime illustrator extraordinary to the *New Yorker*. Mr. Shaw's theory is that trivial things like favorite beverages, pet hatreds, the way a man or woman dresses and the cafés they frequent, are as important in estimating them as what are generally considered their more significant characteristics. "By their idiosyncracies," he says, "ye shall know them." In "The Low-Down" he has sleuthed dozens of idiosyncrasies in each character—has wreathed and festooned his portraits with them. And, consequently, "The Low-Down" is a most lively book, particularly if you know some of the people.

Nor is the range narrow. Different scions of wealth, such as Hermann Oelrichs and Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr., rub elbows with athletes like Gene Tunney and Helen Wills. Paul Manship represents sculpture; "Bob" Chanler, George Luks, Ralph Barton, painting and drawing. Texas Guinan, queen of the night clubs, has her own chapter; so has that imperial promoter, Tex Rickard; George Gershwin and Deems Taylor feature in music; William Beebe in exploration. We have Swope, the journalist; Ernest Boyd, the critic; Lillian Gish of the pictures; Adele Astaire of the stage. Here is Clarence Darrow, the extraordinary attorney; George Jean Nathan, the dramatic critic; and, over yonder, Sinclair Lewis, Mencken, Anita Loos, Michael Strange, and Scott Fitzgerald represent literature.

If any of these be your particular enthusiasm—or your particular abomination—Mr. Shaw tells you accurately what each loves to wear, eat, avoid, and collect. And some of Mr. Arno's pictures are excellent likenesses, though occasionally he fails completely, as with Sinclair Lewis and Ernest Boyd. In general, the book is amusing, "catchy" journalism.

Drama

BEHOLD THE BRIDEGROOM. By *George Kelly*. Little, Brown. $1.50 net.

FOUR PLAYS. By *Serafin* and *Joaquin a Quintero*. Translated by Helen and Harley Granville-Barker. Little, Brown. $2.50 net.

SHAKESPEARE'S CORIOLANUS. VARIORUM EDITION. Edited by *Horace Howard Furness, Jr.* Lippincott. $6.

THE PATRIOT. By *Alfred Neumann*. Boni & Liveright. $2.

COQUETTE. By *George Abbott and Ann Preston Bridgers*. Longmans, Green. $2.

THE ROYAL FAMILY. By *George S. Kaufmann* and *Edna Ferber*. Doubleday, Doran. $2 net.

Economics

HISTORY OF THE FIRST INTERNATIONAL. By *G. M. Stekloff*. International. $3.50.

AMERICAN ECONOMIC HISTORY. By *Walter W. Jennings*. Crowell. $3 net.

THIS ECONOMIC WORLD. By *Thomas Nixon Carver*. Shaw.

THE BEHAVIOR OF PRICES. By *Frederick C. Mills*. New York: National Bureau of Economic Research.

Education

ENGLISH FOR WORKERS. By *Eli B. Jacobson*. International. $1.

ESSAY WRITING. By *R. D. O'Leary*. Crowell.

THE ESSAY. By *R. D. O'Leary*. Crowell. $1.75 net.

POLITICAL SCIENCE AND GOVERNMENT. By *James Wilford Garner*. American Book Company.

THE AMERICAN AND THE GERMAN UNIVERSITY. By *Charles Franklin Thwing*. Macmillan. $2.25.

OUR FIRST ENGLISH. By *Mary Christine Pavey*. Scribners. 84 cents.

THE CAMPUS. By *Robert Cooley Angell*. Appleton. $2.50.

TEACHING INTERMEDIATES IN THE CHURCH SCHOOL. By *Alma Stanley Sheridan*. Methodist Book Concern. $1.

GOOD READING. By *John M. Manly, Edith Rickert,* and *Nina Leubric*. Scribners. 96 cents.

LA SEMEUSE. By *Benjamin M. Woodbridge*. University of Chicago Press. $1.50.

MEDIEVAL RHETORIC AND POETIC. By *Charles Sears Baldwin*. Macmillan. $2.50.

LESAGE'S "TURCARET." Edited by *Edgar Ewing Brandon*. Oxford University Press. 85 cents.

SELECTIONS FROM THEOPHILE GAUTIER. Edited by *Aaron Schaffer* and *S. A. Rhodes*. Century. $1.10.

A SHORTER PHYSICAL GEOGRAPHY. By *Emmanuel de Martonne*. Knopf.

THE EDUCATION OF THE MODERN BOY. By a group of authors. Houghton Mifflin. $3.

THE CHILDREN'S KINGDOM. By *Gwendoline Watts*. Knopf. $2.

Fiction

UTHER AND YGRAINE. By WARWICK DEEPING. Knopf. 1928. $3.

This early story of a now popular novelist dates in the Hewlett period of historical romance. It is not Hewlett, nor has it the affecting humanity of his contemporary stories, and yet it was well worth reprinting. It has a good story, romantically dealing with the fortunes of Ygraine who was to be the mother of Arthur; but its more important claim is the charm and thrill of its background which is neither the fairy land of Hewlett's Middle Ages, nor yet the conventionalized medievalism of the Arthurian romances, but a Romanized Briton with some realization of what England in the sixth century may really have been like, and hence a picturesque vividness of Roman villa, Saxon barbarian, Celtic chief that gives the book individuality. Indeed, this reviewer finds it in his heart to wish that Mr. Deeping would turn his new powers of characterization back into pure romance. He would not do chapters much better than the first of this book. His style in the descriptive passages of "Uther and Ygraine" is already full-functioning and sometimes very beautiful. But he would make more now of the theme. Taste must govern in works of this kind. For those who like the historical romance, here is a new pasture for their imagination.

BRIGHT AVENUES. By JOSEPHINE BENTHAM. New York: Rae D. Henkle Co. 1928. $2.50.

Formerly heroines struggled through mild waters to the safe harbors of matrimony, less formerly heroines struggled through less mild waters out of the safe harbors of matrimony, nowadays heroines struggle through rough waters in and out of less safe harbors of matrimony. To be more explicit and less Gertrude-Steinish, Josephine Bentham in her first novel, "Bright Avenues," plots the life-graph of a girl of to-day with its sudden in-curve at the moment of decision in the end. So many of these feminine young adventurers through recent novels do, when the choice comes, sacrifice the freedom they have sought and fought for, to minister to some man who has already lost all meaning for them. Zelda Marsh's servitude at least promised brevity in the nature of the case, but that of Christine Merrish in "Bright Avenues" threatens to run on for many weary, narrowing years. These endings should be a comfort to those who mourn over the younger generation.

Josephine Bentham is a journalist, and her reportorial training is evidently responsible for some of the best features of "Bright Avenues": brittle and witty thumbnail characterizations, succinctness of description, the packing a maximum of atmosphere in a paragraph with a minimum of words; but it also is responsible for a taste for the unusual and bizarre, the feeling that a man biting a dog has more interest than a dog biting a man, and it crowds her pages with all sorts of eccentric types—very well done, to be sure, for the most part.

The opening picture of Boston—"not the Back Bay Boston of chaste ladies and stiff petticoats, of well-bred children speaking when spoken to, of wire hairpins and sensible heels"—is delightful. With a slightly rakish Boston trying to be Bohemian as a background Miss Bentham succeeds in raising the ghost of a period when vice, not yet the rule, had the charm of the exceptional. After a few years in eastern boarding-schools the heroine goes to San Francisco "on her own" and begins an odyssey of adventures varied enough to stimulate the most jaded of story readers. These adventures all revolve about people, and it is in describing—and often making live—people that Josephine Bentham is at her best. People not easily forgotten crowd around the heroine, and if some of them seem to have been taken from a reporter's note-book they also seem to have been taken from the streets of San Francisco for the note-book.

THE LAST DEVIL. By SIGNE TOKSVIG. Day. 1927. $2.

The movement away from realism goes on apace in big and little books. In "The Last Devil" by Signe Toksvig the cry seems to be "Back to Anne Radcliffe." The Basque mountains serve as a suitably ghoul-haunted setting for this tale of horror; the story begins in approved fashion with an innocent person entering an old castle to dwell among its unknown inmates; and these inmates are quite satisfyingly sinister: the Comtesse de Corostegui who seizes the occasion of a pin-prick to press her lips upon the heroine's arm, crying "How fresh and sweet your blood is"; the bearded serving creature, neither man nor woman, that smears itself with blood and works incantations on the imprisoned master of the house; the perverse thirteen-year-old son who nails living cats to tables while he removes their skins; the little black dog sniffing about, lapping up blood. These are the simple horrors.

The complex ones begin with the introduction of the masterful Basque known as the Last Devil, who holds archaic orgiastic rites in his huge grotto-stronghold from which he issues his commands to legions of followers. Signe Toksvig's familiarity with the history of black magic is everywhere apparent. Granted the presuppositions of the book, its accumulation of horrors is imaginatively effective and the reader is thrilled almost to the extent of his desire. The one limitation is that the author makes several of her characters so well-rounded that they tend to step out of the picture and escape to an earthier soil.

(*Continued on next page*)

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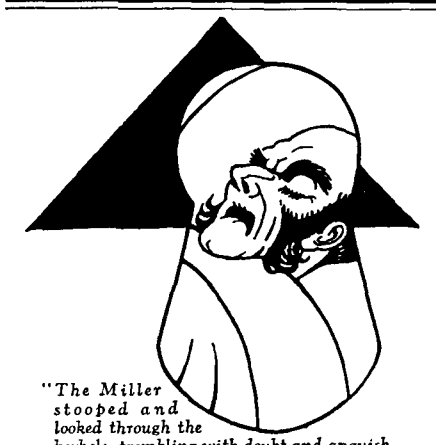

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The New Books

Fiction

(*Continued from preceding page*)

THE POOR GENTLEMAN. By IAN HAY. Houghton Mifflin. 1928.

Villainy the most virulent provides the plot for "The Poor Gentleman." All the paraphernalia of the late and unlamented ten-twenty-thirty-cent melodrama are here gathered together under this gentle and wjlockian title. The easy style and pleasant humor of Ian Hay may deceive the reader for some time as to the real nature of the novel, but once the bloodthirsty "Bolshies" get under way not even scattered pages of amusing dialogue can hide the fact that it is war to the death between the British Empire and those "rascals at Moscow."

The Poor Gentleman is Barry Shere who lost his sight but not his sense of humor in the World War. He falls in love with a very beautiful Canadian heiress, but alas! so does one of the powerful Russian agents in London. Thus, while the Communists are carefully tying England up in a general strike they also find time to kidnap Captain Shere and his love and incarcerate them at Bramleigh Chase, the headquarters of their machinations, some distance from London. How Shere through an unusually developed sense of smell recognizes landmarks all along the devious route from London to the distant lair, why at such a precarious moment the plotters reveal their plans to the hero, and how it all finally turns out, may best be discovered by reading Mr. Hay himself. If the author had given some of the charm lavished upon his good people to help round out his bad ones, the book would have seemed less partisan. Mr. Hay is too completely upon the side of the angels. His villains creak as they hurry about, turning over the wheels of the plot.

STELLA MARIN. By MARIE TELLO PHILLIPS. Vinal. 1927. $2.

Marie Tello Phillips has published a volume of verse and has contributed to many American periodicals, but "Stella Marin" is her first venture into the novel form. The book shows evidence of being a deliberate protest against the type of fiction which Mrs. Phillips feels to be far too prevalent today. Authors coming in for her explicit condemnation are Anne Sedgwick, Sherwood Anderson, D. H. Lawrence, Margaret Kennedy, Sinclair Lewis, Galsworthy, Eugene O'Neill, Sidney Howard, Laurence Stallings, and Maxwell Anderson. Mrs. Phillips has the difficulty that many suffer from in writing first novels—a reluctance to eliminate irrelevant material.

The story proper is almost submerged under anecdotal information touching on everything from details of European scenery and tourist customs of an earlier day to the ingredients in sauce for sôle marguery and paragraphs devoted to the bright sayings of children. The character of Stella Marin seems to have had its source in theory rather than inspiration; her life and utterances are devoted to the cause of freedom of the will which soon drives her to the extremes of anti-evolutionism. (Bryan is depicted as scoring brilliantly over Clarence Darrow.) In casual conversation the characters quote, quite impromptu but completely verbatim, long paragraphs from newspapers, magazines, and books. The heroine cites Calvin Coolidge to the length of two paragraphs which sum up her own and the author's philosophy; their gist is —"Doubters do not achieve; skeptics do not contribute; cynics do not create."

CHILDREN OF THE FOG. By CARMEL HADEN GUEST. Putnams. 1928. $2.50.

The setting of "Children of the Fog" is Southwark, the famous London slum where the Canterbury Pilgrims started and where Charles Dickens lived and wrote. As in the days of "Nicholas Nickleby" and "The Old Curiosity Shop," the inhabitants are sordid, brutal, squalid, with flashes of kindness and beauty. Only, with Carmel Haden Guest looking on instead of Dickens, they lack the saving grace of humor and comic relief.

If the reader choses a novel for vicarious experience in unfamiliar strata of society, for a study of humanity, for realism, he can safely and profitably take "Children of the Fog." The style is direct; the characters vital; the setting vivid. Novelty lies in the last rather than in the story. But if he approaches fiction in a more frivolous spirit, to be diverted, charmed, or amused, he should be wary of a book whose agreeable characters all succumb to violent death, leaving the others with Joan's mother in the final paragraph, endlessly to "trudge painfully along in dilapidated shoes . . . to a home sick with poverty, destitute of grace."

LUCK, AND OTHER STORIES. By MARY ARDEN. Day. 1927. $2.

Miss Arden in this first book writes in the manner of the English writers of the modern school, which differs from the tradition of American magazine stories. They must tell a story and have a plot. The English short story, with Katharine Mansfield on the pinnacle and Virginia Woolf and a train of others in the field, takes a mood, a relationship, a psychological situation, a temperamental development, sketches it lightly, and stops.

The stories in this collection are deft, and as airy fragments, complete. The one that gives the name to the volume, "Luck," admirably depicts a girl who day-dreams her would-be accomplishments. It is done without a line of direct description, through her state of mind during various experiences. One knows her, completely! The "Stepmother" is a masterly study of a popular teacher in a girls' school, first seen through the eyes of a school-girl with a "crush," then through her own mental discomforts as a second wife and stepmother, and finally in the blasting glare of both girls' simultaneous reaction. The stories reflect acute observation and sophisticated selection of material.

CALL IT A DAY. By DIANA PATRICK. Dutton. 1927. $2.

With one man, two women, and twenty-four hours, Diana Patrick manages to construct a novel with much more than her usual sophistication. The man is a highly temperamental English playwright, the two women are the woman he has loved and the woman he now loves, the twenty-four hours are those which decide the fate of his latest play and also the pattern of his future life. Miss Patrick has used an oblique opening of some length that justifies itself by arranging the scene and charging the atmosphere before any of the forces which are later to clash have come in contact with one another. Early morning in the playwright's home—Clematis, the lovely smoke-blue cat, arises and attends to morning duties and pleasures—the servants arise and gossip—the seven-year-old daughter arises and runs through some of her own verse. After all this very significant activity we meet the woman who has been loved, the wife. The playwright appears at breakfast, and in this scene their whole marital history is unrolled before the reader without its having been at all told.

Not until one has surprisedly read half through "Call It a Day" does the other woman appear, the dark Rosaleen, the woman who is loved. She is a transparent paper doll through whom any one but a carefully blinded hero would have seen at a glance. But she serves her purpose in the playwright's life by shattering it that it may be remolded nearer to the heart's desire. Miss Patrick still bursts into unprovoked exclamations such as "Work and women and play! God, how goodly were all three!" at all too frequent intervals. But "Call It a Day" is by far her best novel and, aside from Rosaleen, contains characterizations much more complex than are usual with her.

THE MIDNIGHT MYSTERY. By BERTRAM ATKEY. Appleton. 1928. $2.

We enjoyed Mr. Atkey's former "The Pyramid of Lead", which ran serially in the *Saturday Evening Post*, and in which Prosper Fair, Duke of Devizes, figured as the amateur sleuth. Here Prosper is again, with dog and donkey and an additional *elephant*, afoot in the New Forest where a mysterious midnight rider, clad only in the skin of some wild animal and wielding most primitive weapons, is galloping loose at the time of the murder of the darling of the village. Prosper is quite the little father to all his animals, sometimes a bit too quaint and lovely, but he is also gaily gallant, and the atmosphere of the story is enveigling. As for the plot, it's well enough. There is plenty of action and an interesting cast of characters. Atkey has an individual touch in his narration, enjoys his writing, and spreads glamour. The detective-story addict should give him space on the shelf. His sentimentality is offset by a sense of humor.

WHITE FOX. By C. E. SCOGGINS. 1928. $1.75.

Florid romance—gaudy as a Universal "super-feature"—and incidentally the movies are involved in the plot of this story. A company on location in the mountains of central Mexico, shooting, Cortez's conquest of the Aztecs, a seductive leading lady, a director hot for types, White Fox, an exalted handsome youth with a miraculous voice, whom tradition calls last of the Aztec kings, and—you know the rest, a *première* in New York in which White Fox as Montezuma in the familiar fatuous prologue reduces his sophisticated audience to hysterical enthusiasm by a primitive chant of contemptuous despair, of disillusion in white life in general and the hard-boiled leading lady in particular. The picture is a great success, but White Fox has mysteriously disappeared to reappear as briefly and mysteriously in the Mexican mining camp carrying off his Indian sweetheart to the unknown mountains. The author, C. E. Scoggins, has at least a bowing acquaintance with his material, but lives in terror lest he be called literary. Told as the reminiscence of the mine foreman the story jerks over interpolations and exclamations with all the grace of a Ford on a corduroy road and the jaunty flappings of a coast to coast pennant.

THE HEROINE. By EATON STANNARD BARRETT. Stokes. 1928. $2.

The reprinting of this century-old extravaganza will bring delight to all lovers of the art of parody.

The latter half of the eighteenth century saw the rise of the romantic movement in English literature. Gallic "sensibilité" and the "gothic" novel, such as Horace Walpole's "Castle of Otranto" and the works of Ann Radcliffe, produced so great an army of imitators as to glut the taste with secret dungeons, moonlight encounters, and the rest of the claptrap. The inevitable reaction brought in its train a flood of parodies of which "The Heroine" is conceded to be the most brutal as well as the most brilliant.

Even an ignorance of the school to which it holds up its distorting mirror cannot dim one's enjoyment of the book's deliciously florid pages. The author's notes and Mr. Sadleir's glossary and excellent introduction will help those who may wish to explore more fully the sources of "The Heroine's" inspiration.

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DAN MINTURN. By M. H. HEDGES. Vanguard Press. 1927. 50 cents.

The protagonist of Mr. Hedge's novel is a political leader in a Western state; successful, he sees himself beaten by Fate, and apparently blessed with an excellent wife, he knows that she has dragged him down from high places. Dan Minturn feels that he was born to be a champion of the people's rights against predatory interests, and can see his marriage, his election to a Senatorship and to the Governorship only as steps leading him to an unholy alliance with the people's enemies. The novel tells of this material rise and of the accompanying sense of guilt. Unfortunately, we are not made to regard the problem as vital; we do not sense our nearness to a soul in agony. Mr. Hedges writes with directness and common sense, but he seems always to lack the final force and skill necessary for effectiveness. The result is a novel that does not move us.

Although selling for a small fraction of the price charged for the average novel, "Dan Minturn" is well printed and bound.

WOMAN POWER. By GUSTAF AF GEIJERSTAM. Translated from the Swedish by Esther Rapp. American-Scandinavian Foundation. 1927. $2.50.

That there must be harmony between the artist, his life, and his creation is the thesis propounded in this novel. A true work of art must have for its background the interpretation of human experience. "My literary ideal," says Geijerstam in the introductory chapter, "must have, not a mutilated figure who has bungled his own life and thereafter devotes his time to filling pages with words, or canvas with paint, but a man who is himself the complete expression of his art."

"Woman Power," the second of Geijerstam's numerous novels to appear in English, is perhaps the best concrete example of his theories, and is eminently successful. It is introspective, analytical, psychological; but it is never morbid or indelicate. With unusual charm, simplicity, depth and power, the author unfolds the joys and sorrows of his hero, as he in turn, comes under the influence of three women—his boyhood friend, his mistress and wife, and his devoted, childlike daughter. This brief novel has an intensely human appeal; it is intelligible; it holds our interest; and moves throughout on a lofty esthetic plane. "Woman Power" proves that no trumped-up sensationalism is necessary in fiction to capture attention, especially when its roots penetrate to the recesses of a searching, suffering human soul.

Geijerstam, who died in 1909, is a forerunner of the psychological novel. He has long been popular in Europe and deserves to be better known in England and America.

The translator has done her work well.

ALL CHILDREN MUST BE PAID FOR. By L. DE GIBERNE SIEVEKING. Brentano's. 1928. $2.

To be actually funny is a very commendable thing. But to try mightily to be funny, and to be reduced to the obvious, to mere twisting of old platitudes, and to cheap horse-play, must make the reader blush for the author's throes and agonies of effort. Mr. Sieveking's latest book is given to us as a supposedly brilliant fantasy on birth-control, pert with satire. What it amounts to is something considerably less. One's strongest reaction is certainly not laughter, but an irrepressible desire, since these are the days of societies, to go out as quickly as possible and organize a Society for Book-Control. A little humor is a dangerous thing. As for Pearl Binder's illustrations, they give nothing but an added dulness to a book where there is room for so very much to be given.

HALVES. By *Harriet Henry*. Longmans, Green. $2.

PARTNERS THREE. By *Elby Wagner*. Crowell. $2 net.

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THE ROMANCE OF LEONARDO DA VINCI. By *Dmitri Merejkowski*. Translated by Bernard Guilbert Querney. 95 cents net.

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MODERN LOVE. By *H. W. Yoxall*. Washburn. $2.

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THE LOOTING OF NICARAGUA. By RAFAEL DE NOGALES. McBride. 1928. $2.50.

This book is one of the most curious jumbles of well-meant special pleading and ingenuous prejudice; of objective fact and the wildest hearsay; of scraps of first-hand observation, irresponsible gossip, stray newspaper clippings, all thrown together without, apparently, editing or the expenditure of judgment of any sort, which the reader is likely to run across.

Señor Nogales is a Venezuelan who served with the Turks during the World War, in which rôle, as the publishers explain somewhat quaintly, "he was the chief thorn in Marshall Allenby's side," as now "he performs a similar function in the vulnerable flank of our Department of State." In one breath, he appears to sympathize with the more or less "radical" new labor groups of Latin America; in the next, thanks to his service with the German-Turkish forces, he sneers at the new "black-red-gold," republican Germany and its representatives abroad, in the orthodox style of any young "stahl-helm" German nationalist. He goes to the trouble of working his way laboriously through the jungle of eastern Nicaragua — in order to get something more than a mere tripper's impression of the country—meets and likes individual American Marine officers and lugs away with him a welcome supply of their Lucky Strike cigarettes; seems, indeed,

(*Continued on next page*)

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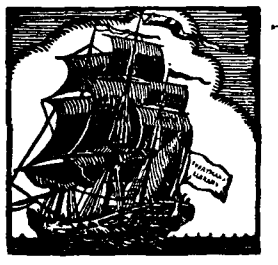

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The New Books
International

(*Continued from preceding page*)

a likeable sportsman, and the next minute strews his pages with balderdash which, in most cases, would only be taken seriously by some sedentary doctrinaire who knew nothing about the country.

There is a perfectly good case to be made against the State Department's policy—still more, its lack of policy—in Central America, but "looting" is not the trouble, as everybody knows who is at all familiar with the facts. Even such incidental, but solid, grievances as the bombing of the Liberal forces (who had no airplanes or anti-airplane guns) by American commercial aviators is mishandled here by printing a photograph of the burned streets of Chinandega over the fake caption, "Chinandega, after its partial destruction by American bombing planes." This caption is characteristic of the loose and injudicious manner in which the whole book is put together, and similar, if less obvious instances, might be quoted endlessly.

About the best that can be said for such a book as this is, that with Americans as indifferent as they are to what happens in Central America, its sensationalism may possibly catch the attention of a public which would pass by a more judicial statement of the actual complicated facts.

GREAT BRITAIN AND THE DOMINIONS. University of Chicago Press. $3.

THE MIND AND FACE OF BOLSHEVISM. By *Rene Fülöp-Miller.* Knopf. $6.

AMERICAN PROSPERITY. By *Paul M. Mazur.* Viking. $2.50.

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LATIN AMERICA IN WORLD POLITICS. By *J. Fred Rippy.* Knopf. $4 net.

CIVILIZATION OF JAPAN. By *J. Ingram Bryan* (Home University Library.) Holt. $1.

Juvenile

(*See page 722 for the Children's Bookshop*)

MOBY DICK. By *Herman Melville.* Scribners. 88 cents.

THE TRAIL OF THE LITTLE WAGON. By *Alice MacGowan.* Stokes. $1.75.

THE YOUNG FOLK'S BOOK OF THE SEA. By *T. C. Bridges.* Little, Brown, $2 net.

AN ADVENTURE WITH CHILDREN. By *Mary H. Lewis.* Macmillan. $1.50.

SCOTTIE. By *M. Benson Walker.* Ottawa: Graphic.

THE VOYAGE OF THE NORMAN D. By *Barbara Newhall Follett.* Knopf. $2.50.

THE BRONZE TURKEY. By *Elizabeth Willis.* Crowell.

HOUSETON PLAYS FOR YOUNG PEOPLE. By *Virginia Olcott.* Dodd, Mead. $2.

YOUTH'S ENCHANTMENT. By *Suzanne Taylor.* Stratford, $1.50.

Miscellaneous

THE PROCESSION TO TYBURN; Crime and Punishment in the Eighteenth Century. By WILLIAM MCADOO. Boni & Liveright. 1927. $3.

This is a compilation of biographies of famous rogues of the eighteenth century—Jonathan Wild, Captain Kidd, Lord Ferrers, and others, both men and women. The source is the "Criminal Recorder" of 1804, but the personages treated have elsewhere been written about, scores of times. Whatever novelty is in the book is in Mr. McAdoo's well-informed essay on criminology, and in his occasional comment.

THE NEW BOOK OF AMERICAN SHIPS. By CAPTAIN ORTON P. JACKSON and COLONEL FRANK E. EVANS. Stokes. 1927. $5.

A profusely illustrated and exceptionally interesting book covering the entire field of modern shipping, navy and merchant. The text is accurate and written in a pleasing informative style. It is recommended to those who wish an authentic book on the subject.

(*Continued on next page*)

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The Wits' Weekly

Competition No. 25. A prize of fifteen dollars is offered for the best description, in the manner of Mr. Thornton Wilder, of Mr. Sinclair Lewis's thoughts and feelings on coming back to settle in Gopher Prairie after having won fame in the world. Entries should reach *The Saturday Review* office, 25 West 45th Street, New York City, not later than the morning of April 9th.

Competition No. 26. A prize of fifteen dollars is offered for the best parody, "If Swinburne had written 'The Man with the Hoe.'" Entries, which may be fragmentary but must not exceed thirty lines, should reach *The Saturday Review* office not later than the morning of April 16th.

Competitors are advised to read carefully the rules printed below.

THE TWENTY-SECOND COMPETITION

Suppose the President is about to appoint the first Poet Laureate of the United States. A leading newspaper compiles a symposium in which the question "Whom would you choose, and why?" is answered by at least six of the following people: Will Rogers, Harriet Monroe, Gene Tunney, H. L. Mencken, Gloria Swanson, F.P.A., Senator Borah, William Lyon Phelps, and the President of the W. C. T. U. A prize of fifteen dollars was offered for the best symposium.

Won by PAUL HORGAN
of Roswell, New Mexico.

THE PRIZE SYMPOSIUM

"IF the thing weren't a fetish, I would suggest some still active *minnesinger* for the laureateship. But it of course would degrade a fellow of frequent inspiration. Worse, it would cramp his style. Still worse, it would give us the appalling spectacle of a gifted man losing his sense of humor. I therefore, in all solemnity and conscious of my Maker's gaze, nominate Edgar Lee Masters. He once did a superb book, but ever since he has been catering to the intelligentsia of the fried-food belt. Let his country appropriately honor him by making him soft-soaper of the Divine Cal.

H. L. MENCKEN."

"The Laureateship has long been the post of men. Is it not time for the robe of Calliope to descend upon one of her sisters! The lusty, elfin soprano of Edna St. Vincent Millay could well honor its traditional folds. Song bursts from woman's heart naturally; Miss Millay has long given proof of her high intent; and her talent is wholly contemporary without being tritely representative.

"Miss Millay! For the voices of women and their emotional importance I urge it!

HARRIET MONROE."

"America should reclaim her intellectual expatriate, T. S. Eliot, and make him poet-laureate. The esoteric and remarkable intensity of his poetry makes him the most informative poet now writing and he is a conscientious genius.

GLORIA SWANSON."

"Poet-laureate? Only one man is thinkable for the place: Henry Van Dyke. The best traditions of poetry and truth and Christianity meet in him. By all means let him be appointed.

WILLIAM LYON PHELPS."

"Poetry is the song of a gay, glad heart, and one that should be able to sing for millions of other hearts. I think Berton Braley's daily poems in the newspapers show his fine humanness, and that they ought to make him poet laureate, because what America needs is more poetry of a lovely, spontaneous quality, and less of this free-verse by long-haired pessimists.

PRESIDENT OF THE W. C. T. U."

"If I was given to poetin' myself, I reckon I'd have a go at the job. But bein' poet-at-large is pretty dangerous for a fellow that travels a lot, 'cause you meet some pretty hard-boiled birds on trains. I guess I'll just let Ira Gershwin have the job of hog-tyin' Pegasus. Or maybe Irving Berlin. One of them *successful* poets, anyways.

WILL ROGERS."

PAUL HORGAN.

By dividing the prize among half a dozen competitors and compiling a symposium from their best items Paul Horgan's entry could have been outmatched. But in spite of a rather weak Will Rogers it beat the entries by David Heathestone, Phoebe Scribble, M. D. H. Butler, Parker Tyler, and Pan-Hebe, all of whom were critical as well as witty. Numerous others offered one or more excellent items. The stumbling blocks that caused most grief were (a) Senator Borah's prose-style, (b) Mr. Mencken's ironical tone of voice, and (c) a proper appreciation of the probable attitude of the President of the W. C. T. U. But the better items can be left to tell their own tale. In passing it may be mentioned that Vachel Lindsay received more support than any other poet except Edgar Guest who, of course, was favored largely by the W. C. T. U. Hard on his heels were Edwin Arlington Robinson, Edwin Markham, and Carl Sandburg. R. E. Wade made Senator Borah choose E. E. Cummings because "he also is an Idahoan," and his Will Rogers suggested Al Smith—"nothing like making a man Poet Laureate if you want to kill him with the public." Ethel Turner libelled Dr. Canby with the distich—

Not one:—a trio, let us, say;
Morley, Wylie, Bill Benét.

Most competitors made him suggest Edwin Arlington Robinson. Sylvia Satan misunderstands Mr. Mencken sufficiently to make him address the President as "Dear High Priest of Apple Sauce," but her suggestion of Countee Cullen as Laureate was good. Other items may be listed as follows.

GENE TUNNEY.

> George Santayana is the only eligible for the Poet Laureate of the U. S. From the minute the gong sounds in the opening lines of his sonnets, he is master of a perfection of technique which proceeds swiftly and inevitably to the knock-out punch in his last two lines. O, do not let him die!
>
> (Pan-hebe.)

> Radicalism in poetry must be put down, and the press can help. For Laureate I favor a man with plenty of action about him—not too old. I don't recall his name; but whoever wrote "The Man Worth While" ought to have the appointment. There is a poem with real guts in it. (David Heathestone)

> Between skipping rope with one hand and reading Shakespeare with the other, I never have much time to devote to modern poets, but sometimes in the evening after a strenuous day of golf, I pick up a volume of Ezra Pound's works. Mr. Pound's erudition fits him to be our laureate and he has my indorsement. And I want to add that I wrote this myself.
>
> (F. D. H.)

RULES

(Competitors failing to comply with rules will be disqualified.) 1. Envelopes should be addressed to "The Competition Editor, *The Saturday Review of Literature*, 25 West 45th Street, New York City." The number of the competition (e. g., "Competition 1") must be written on the top left-hand corner. 2. All MSS. must be legible—typewritten if possible—and should bear the name or pseudonym of the author. Competitors may offer more than one entry. MSS. cannot be returned. 3. *The Saturday Review* reserves the right to print the whole or part of any entry.

The New Books

Miscellaneous

(*Continued from preceding page*)

I'LL TELL THE WORLD. By E. V. Knox. Doubleday, Doran. 1928. $2.

All followers of light verse and comic writing are familiar with the "Evoe" of *Punch*, with the author of "Poems of Impudence" already published in this country. "I'll Tell the World" is aimed at the American tourist and purports to purvey ("Evoe" would like that collocation of words!) sound information historical, geographical, and so on and so forth, concerning England our Mother Isle. And of all the delightful stuff and nonsense—! Here is a sample, from "England in Saxon Days":

> A tall figure, possibly an eorl or ealdorman, more likely a thegn or thug, stood at the prow, one hand to his forehead, gazing earnestly at the horizon. Another mailed figure stood at his right hand, gazing at the same spot.
>
> "Rede me a rede of the swan-path, Eadgifu," said the first. "Is it likely to keep fine?"
>
> "Ic ne wis," responded the other.
>
> "Kindly repeat that."
>
> "Ic ne wis," he replied again sadly.
>
> "Maybe it'll come a spot of rain in the whale's home about evenfall."

The author goes on to say of these first English coming to England, every man was a he-man, "Every woman on the boat was a red-blooded she-woman, and every child that leant over the bulwarks was a hundred-per-cent Nordic it-child."

As for the verse that is interspersed, it has both charm and pith. Take this bit, of quite obvious origin:

By the cream o' the milk we curdle,
  By the yam and the yourt and the yeast,
By the half of the globe we girdle
  As the flag flies west and east;
Where sounds the moo of the distant gnu
  And the bison pops from the mud
We have foughten the fight of our appetite,
  But the end thereof is a dud.

Altogether, we give E. V. Knox a clean bill of comic health, and will promise to pass him through the customs, secure the keys of the city for him from Grover Whalen, and introduce him to all the best bars in the West Forties, if he will only come to America and do us a history of New York!

STRAWBERRY HILL ACCOUNTS. Now first printed from the original MS. with notes and index by Paget Toynbee. Oxford University Press. 1927. $25.

This magnificent quarto, embellished with twenty-six plates in collotype, is a much more important volume than its unpretentious title would seem to indicate. Mr. Toynbee, who is as modest as he is thorough and accurate, has given us a standard work of reference concerning Horace Walpole's house and museum at Strawberry Hill. Many will think of Strawberry Hill as the most important contribution of Horace Walpole to the culture of the eighteenth century, since its connection with the Gothic revival, the history of printing, the history of museums, the development of modern scholarship, and even the history of British fiction is as important as it is indisputable. Whoever aspires to understand "the Gothic romance," Gilbert and Sullivan's "Ruddigore," Mrs. Gardiner's Fenway Court, or the Old Library of Yale College, must go back to Strawberry Hill in his search for origins; and, inevitably, that search will bring him to this book. It is therefore indispensable to all libraries, collectors, eighteenth century specialists, professors of English literature, and architects.

THE ART OF EXTEMPORE SPEAKING. By *Abbé Bautain.* McDevitt-Wilson. $1.50.

FEDERAL AID. By *Austin F. Macdonald.* Crowell. $2.75 net.

SCENARIO AND SCREEN. By *Frances Taylor Patterson.* Harcourt, Brace. $2.

WILD ANIMAL PETS. By *William* and *Irene Finley.* Scribners. $3.

RANK AND FILE. By *Theodore Roosevelt.* Scribners. $2.50.

THE SEARCH. By *Jiddu Krishnamurti.* Boni & Liveright. $1.25.

TWELVE THOUSAND. By *Bruno Frank.* Knopf. $2.

APPENDICITIS. By *Thew Wright.* Allan Ross & Co., 113 Broadway, New York City.

OPINIONS AND ARGUMENTS FROM SPEECHES AND ADDRESSES OF THE EARL OF BALFOUR. Doubleday, Doran.

GREAT DETECTIVES AND THEIR METHODS. By *George Dilnot.* Houghton Mifflin. $4.

SOME FAMOUS MEDICAL TRIALS. By *Leonard A. Parry, M. D.* Scribners. $2.50.

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Best Sellers During March

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3. **SPLENDOR,** by Ben Ames Williams. 12th Ed. (Fict.) $2.50
4. **NOW WE ARE SIX,** by A. A. Milne. 73rd Ed. (Juv.) $2.00
5. **REEDS AND MUD,** by V. Blasco Ibanez. 8th Ed. (Fict.) (Ad. sale) $2.50
6. **THE DREADFUL NIGHT,** by Ben Ames Williams. 8th Ed. (Detect.) $2.00
7. **MUSSOLINI, MAN OF DESTINY,** by Vittorio de Fiori. 5th Ed. (Biog.) $3.00
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Points of View

A Rap for a Reviewer

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
SIR:

In his first two paragraphs Mr. Davis makes certain sweeping charges against my little book, which naturally I regard as unjust. To these charges the only satisfactory answer would be a reproduction of the whole book, for which I am afraid the *Saturday Review of Literature* would hardly find space.

The remainder of his review, however, deals with definite points; and a brief reply to what he says on these points may serve to indicate the degree of reliance to be placed on his general condemnation.

1. In my little chapter on "Personal Liberty" I did not commit the absurdity of supposing that all laws that come under the head of the police power are cheerfully accepted by practically all the individuals affected by them. The only reason that I singled out the anti-narcotic law is that that law is, on its face, actually an invasion of personal liberty in the same sense as the anti-liquor law; and I felt it desirable to point out why the invasion might be justified in the first case while unjustified in the second.

2. Under the doctrine of State sovereignty, as it was held by States-rights champions before the Civil War, it is quite true that, as Mr. Davis says, it is "no more revolutionary to place the regulation of the liquor traffic in the hands of the national government than to override the settled policy of the States in the matter of voting qualifications." But if we waive that doctrine—as I did in my book—there is a most profound difference between the two things. At the close of my little chapter on "The States and the Union," I say:

It will be observed that I have said nothing whatever about the doctrine of State rights or of State sovereignty. Whatever result the Civil War may have had in regard to these abstract doctrines, it still left with us the practical distinction between the province of the States and the province of the nation. Especially did it leave wholly untouched the power of the individual States to deal with all matters relating to the ordinary concerns of life. This division of powers—this combination of State self-government in home concerns and national control in inter-State and national concerns—has been the very keystone of our system, the great practical contribution we have made to the art of government in a vast Republic. The enormous injury that national Prohibition is doing to this vital feature of our American system, any one can see for himself.

3. It was quite unnecessary for Mr. Davis to cite examples of State constitutions which are full of provisions having no place in a true constitution. This "trend of our constitutional development"—if "trend" it can be called—has been for more than half a century familiar to every one with the slightest knowledge of our political history. Speaking of the "Miscellaneous Provisions" in our State constitutions, Bryce says:

Among such provisions we find a great deal of matter which is in no sense constitutional law, but general law, *e.g.* administrative law, the law of judicial procedure, the ordinary private law of family, inheritance, contract and so forth; matter which seems out of place in a constitution because fit to be dealt with in ordinary statutes. We find minute provisions regarding the management and liabilities of banking companies, of railways, or of corporations generally; regulations as to the salaries of officials, the quorum of courts sitting in banco, the length of time for appealing, the method of changing the venue, the publication of judicial reports; detailed arrangements for school boards and school taxation (with rules regarding the separation of white and black children in schools), for a department of agriculture, a canal board, or a labor bureau; we find a prohibition of lotteries, of polygamy, of bribery, of lobbying, of the granting of liquor licenses, of usurious interest on money, an abolition of the distinction between sealed and unsealed instruments, a declaration of the extent of a mechanic's lien for work done. We even find the method prescribed in which stationery and coals for the use of the legislature shall be contracted for, and provisions for the storage of corn in warehouses. The framers of these more recent constitutions neither cared nor wished to draw a line of distinction between what is proper for a constitution and what ought to be left to be dealt with by the State legislatures. And, in the case of three fourths at least of the States, no such distinction now, in fact, exists.

Our State constitutions do not play a part at all comparable to that played by such an instrument as the Constitution of the United States; and there is much to be said for including in them some provisions that have no proper place in a true constitution. But I confess that it never occurred to me that any one would set up the hybrid nature of our State constitutions as a model to be followed by the Constitution of the United States, which, until the adoption of the Eighteenth Amendment, did retain the character of a true constitution. In my previous little book, "What Prohibition Has Done To America," I said:

Our State Constitutions are not Constitutions in anything like the same sense as that which attaches to the Constitution of the United States. Most of our State Constitutions can be altered with little more difficulty than ordinary laws; the process merely takes a little more time, and offers no serious obstacle to any object earnestly desired by a substantial majority of the people of the State. Accordingly our State Constitutions are full of a multitude of details which really belong in the ordinary domain of statute law; and nobody looks upon them as embodying that fundamental and organic law upon whose integrity and authority depends the life and safety of our institutions. The Constitution of the United States, on the other hand, is a true Constitution—concerned only with fundamentals, and guarded against change in a manner suited to the preservation of fundamentals. To put into it a regulation of personal habits, to buttress such a regulation by its safeguards, is an atrocity for which no characterization can be too severe.

4. Mr. Davis cites the Thirteenth Amendment as "one striking illustration of the general tendency"—the tendency to disregard the distinction between ordinary statute law and Constitutional provision. But it is nothing of the sort; it deals with precisely the kind of fundamentals which were the concern of the original Constitution; its sole object was to extend to the negroes "the blessings of liberty," which it was one of the declared objects of the Constitution to secure to the people in general.

Mr. Davis, I understand, is a lawyer, and doubtless he has acquired a considerable amount of learning; but his thinking seems not to have passed beyond the sophomoric stage.

New York. FABIAN FRANKLIN.

Machiavelli

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
SIR:

Can you possibly find room in a column of your review for the following note which I think may prove of interest to your readers? :

"In your issue of February 4th, there appeared a note about Prezzolini on Nicolo Machiavelli which your contributor properly described as a vivid and entertaining volume in the manner of Strachey, Maurois, and Ludwig. This statement is quite true, though one might add without fear of exaggeration that the biography is a masterpiece of Rabelaisian wit. Your contributor goes on to say that the book is written with dash and enthusiasm in a style to which the Italian genius lends itself more readily than would translation into English. Here your contributor was only partly informed, because while one can readily agree with his conclusion, the impossible has actually been achieved. Mr. Ralph Roeder has translated Nicolo Machiavelli, the Florentine, so admirably that its original charm and staccato sparkle has been completely captured. The book will be published in April by Brentano's."

MAXIM LIEBER
New York. Mgr. Publishing Dept.

As might be expected, Benedetto Croce's "Storia d'Italia: Dal 1871 al 1915" (Bari, Laterza), is a book deserving of careful attention. Croce believes the years he covers to be full of vivid interest despite their humdrum nature, the interest deriving from the human drama that unfolded itself during the period. It is a portrayal of the fashion in which Italy, backward as it had been, economically and educationally over a long period, drew itself up to full stature among the nations.

According to a correspondent of the New York *Times* investigation of the archives and cellars of the old library of Klagenfurt, in Carinthia, has brought to light many literary treasures never known to exist. The most important find was some fragments of the Niebelungenlied, consisting of forty-three small strips, which are all that are left of four parchment leaves, originally 184 by 118 millimeters. Experts believe that this version was written by an Austrian about 1200, which would make it the oldest work on the Niebelungenlied in existence. Among other treasures of the library are several decrees of Pope Gregory IX. written in Latin verse and an old missal of the Bishop of Gurk dated 1476; several old Carinthian folk tales; a twelfth century breviary, and a book of Theophrastus Paracelsus.

H. L. Mencken
F. P. A. *and now*
Harry Hansen
Burton Rascoe
and **Walter Yust**
give nothing but praise to

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Reader's Guide

CONDUCTED BY MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Inquiries in regard to the selection of books and questions of like nature should be addressed to MRS. BECKER, c/o *The Saturday Review*.

H. C. P., New York City, asks if there is any warrant in literature, outside of fairy-tales, for speaking dogs such as have lately figured in the newspapers.

THERE was once a book translated out of the German of Henry Kinderman and published here by Dutton, that described the process by which two dogs were taught to talk, and the exciting glimpses of canine psychology thus obtained. It was called "Lola," and is now out of print; for its authenticity I cannot vouch, not knowing anything about the circumstances other than what was there set down, but when talking dogs began to appear in our press I wondered if any copies of it were still wandering about. It was a sad sort of book; a dog is a pathetic creature anyway, and the more you know about him the more touching his lot becomes.

But according to the brilliant writer known as "Saki," whose short stories are appearing in a series of little books published by the Viking Press, the only pathetic feature of a cat's suddenly learning to speak is the predicament of the people about whom he decides to talk. For Tobermory (in the story of this name in Saki's "Chronicles of Clovis") has promenaded the balustrade in front of most of the bedroom windows of the Towers, whence he could watch the pigeons—and heaven knew what else besides. As he speaks with the devastating frankness that makes the whole book so funny, no wonder they try to do away with him before he can dictate the first instalment of his reminiscences to the local newspaper office. H. H. Munro ("Saki") is a habit rather than an author; once you get it fastened upon you, you read everything he wrote as fast as it comes out in this pretty new edition issued in his memory with introductions by various favorite authors of the day.

C. E. E., Ithaca, N. Y., asks for books to furnish forth a stay of three weeks in southwestern England, and a like period in Normandy and Brittany.

THE Highways and Byways Series (Macmillan) to which it is always well to turn for a quick choice in English travel books, provides two of its best volumes for this journey: "Highways and Byways in Devon and Cornwall," by A. H. Norway, and "Normandy," by Percy Dearmer, each with illustrations by Joseph Pennell. The same series gives to adjacent counties "Somerset," by Edward Hutton, and "Dorset," by Sir Frederick Treves. Cornwall is further provided with an excellent guide to walking journeys in the form of reports on them by C. Lewis Hind in "Days in Cornwall" (Brentano), and an inspiring travel book by C. C. Valliamy in a series of books on "Unknown" parts of the island, "Unknown Cornwall" (Putnams). "Thomas Hardy's Dorset" (Appleton) is one of R. Thurston Hopkins's useful guides to literary pilgrimages, and "Through a Dartmoor Window," by Beatrice Chase (Oliver Parr), is a famous volume of sketches of Devonshire scenes and people, published by Longmans; another instalment is in "The Dartmoor Window Again."

"Walks About London," by W. H. Hirst (Holt), is a new book that may be taken about in a quite small pocket and found as good on the road as for an inspiration toward taking to it. Its field is wider than the title indicates; one does start from London and most of the trips are made within a comparatively short radius, but some of them go as far as Winchester. The advice on taking the road is sound and such as walkers used to American conditions should read before starting out, and for planning visits to various literary shrines it would be hard to find more material in smaller compass.

But the most compact and generally exciting book of this sort is the new "About England," by M. V. Hughes (Morrow). It is the most unconventional guide-book imaginable; the chapter heads are as unusual as those of the paragraphs in Fowler's "Modern English Usage." Read in this country, it would inspire anyone but an Anglophobe to take a boat directly; read in England—it is quite small enough to take along—it will open many an eye to many an unnoticed detail.

R. E. H., Wichita, Kans., says that since several aeroplane factories were opened in that city requests at the public library for "aviation stories" are almost as frequent as those for mystery or Western ones, and asks for some reliable titles.

"RUSS FARRELL, AIRMAN," "Russ Farrell, Circus Flyer," and "Russ Farrell, Border Patrolman," by Thomas Burtis (Doubleday, Doran), present a young hero who should be popular with these clients, who are said to have less interest in the aeroplane as an engine of war than as part of everyday life. Russ is on the Mexican border, helping to stop the smuggling-in of undesirable aliens. "The Flying Squad," by Col. William Bishop and Major Stuart-Wortley (Doran), tells how two Canadian college graduates broke up a gang of bandits; the authors had much experience in the World War. "Bob Thorpe," by Austin Bishop (Harcourt, Brace), is a fighting story of the Lafayette Flying Corps; the author was for two years a pilot on the French and Italian fronts, and the unusually detailed descriptions are not only of thrilling incidents but of the technique of combat flying. Of the novels in which aviators appear, "Parachute," by Ramon Guthrie (Harcourt, Brace) is the most recent; it opens with a battle in the sky, but at once shifts to post-war life and in time introduces a commercial aviation project; however, this is by no means a story for young readers. Sinclair Lewis's "The Trail of the Hawk" (Harcourt, Brace) involves authentic history of the early days of aviation in America with a study of the psychology of a flyer at a time when flying was by no means "part of everyday life."

But why keep to fiction, when the lives of flyers are quite as strange? It is of course improbable that these readers have not already taken in Lindbergh's "We" (Putnam) and Van Every and Tracy's "Charles Lindbergh" (Appleton), but possibly they may not know Lowell Thomas's account of "The First World Flight" (Houghton Mifflin)—this is the 26,345 miles made in 363 hours by three planes and six officers of the U. S. Navy—and Linton Wells's "Around the World in 28 Days" (Houghton), a feat which the author and Edward Evans performed in 1926; or "Our Polar Flight," by Roald Amundsen and others (Dodd, Mead), the dramatic story of the flight from Spitzbergen in 1925, with Amundsen's and Ellsworth's "The First Crossing of the Polar Sea" (Doran), in which the *Norge* did reach the Pole.

Two recent publications will be interesting to this audience: one is "Beginning to Fly," by Merrill Hamburg (Houghton Mifflin), a handbook of aeronautics for boys, copiously illustrated with pictures and plans of model aeroplanes—for the author believes that the best preparation for flying is in the designing, making, and flying of models. The book contains all that is needed for a Boy Scout's aviation badge. "European Skyways," by Lowell Thomas (Houghton Mifflin), is a guide book to the airlines of Europe, but besides its definite information for the tourist, it shows the stay-at-home reader more than one important aspect of aviation as part of our business life.

In *The Horn Book* for February, the quarterly published by the Bookshop for Boys and Girls, Boston, Mass., there is an excellent descriptive list of books on aviation for younger readers, with more titles than I have space for here. I have a special interest in this number, which has an article by the Reader's Guide with a full-page portrait, and in the course of an article about her new book several photographs of "the hill back of the house" that figures in the opening chapter, and for whose picture I have been so often asked that I was glad to have it here appear.

L. H. B., Annapolis, Md., asks for a list of books by child-authors; he was delighted by "The Young Visiters" and knows the travel books of David Binney Putnam, but thinks there must be many more.

THE one for my money is "Pet Marjorie" Fleming, beloved of Sir Walter Scott, but there are, if not many, certainly several more that have made some impressions upon their surroundings. To "The Young Visiters" succeeded "Daisy Ashford: Her Book," from the same publisher, Doran, offered apparently less on its merits than as proof that there was a real Daisy whose efforts were not bounded entirely by her delicious novel. The best play I have seen by a really young playwright is the one in "Riverside Nights," the book of the Lyric Theatre (London) revue of that name, in which a historical drama by Nigel Playfair's schoolboy son is given in the original script: I saw it acted with the author in the title rôle, and a more honest production I never witnessed. Jane Austen's juvenile work "Love and Freindship" (Stokes), has the same qualities displayed at her prime: this is a permanent joy. A little stretching of the age limit might let in Chatterton, and several first novels would not be so far over it, but keeping to undisputed childhood and recent publication, there is "The Admiral and Others" (Dutton) in which young Peggy Temple shows extraordinary deftness in humorous characterization, and "The Prince of Washington Square," by Harry Liscomb (Stokes), set forth as a boy's work, though the author was nineteen and had evidently fed on comic strips. The best-known child poet of our day is Nathalia Crane, who has steadily progressed since "The Janitor's Boy" with "Lava Lane," "The Singing Crow," and "The Sunken Garden" (Boni & Liveright). Hilda Conkling, whose "Poems by a Little Girl" and "Shoes of the Wind" (Stokes) were less precocious and mannered than Nathalia's productions at the same age, has withdrawn—temporarily, I hope—from poetry publication, being now between hay and grass. Jesse Lasky, author of "Songs from the Heart of a Boy" (Putnam), promises through the same publisher a new volume, "Listening to Silence." There has been a collection of "High School Poems" with an introduction by Louis Untermeyer, and many single poems by young writers have appeared in magazines: Nathalia Crane won the first prize over many adult contestants for a verse tribute to Lindbergh; the best of these have been lately published in book form by Doran.

To the works of David Binney Putnam, "David Goes Voyaging," "David Goes to Greenland," and "David Goes to Baffin Land" (Putnam), the same publishers have added a line of reports of travel and exploration by other young authors. The best written of these is by one of the older travellers, Bradford Washburn, in "Among the Alps with Bradford"; others are "Deric in Mesa Verd" and "Deric with the Indians," by Deric Nusbaum, and "Bob North Starts Exploring," by Robert Carver North. I suppose the little daughter of Mary Hasting Bradley might be slipped in to this list somewhere as a sort of part author with her mother of "Alice in Jungleland" (Appleton)—anyway she was an explorer with her in Africa.

Opal Whiteley seems to have faded from view, but "Cleone Knox," the splendid spoof of young Magdalen King-Hall, will be remembered not only for her "Diary of a Young Lady of Fashion: 1764-5" (Appleton) but for the recent admitted parody, "I Think I Remember" (Appleton). "The Sayings of the Children," by Pamela Grey (Lady Grey of Falloden), is an arrangement of the ideas of her young family on a variety of matters, beautifully and naturally expressed.

All things considered, the most valuable book by a child seems to me "The House without Windows," by Barbara Follett (Knopf), because it lets an adult look into the soul of childhood at an all-too-brief period through which some imaginative children pass, but that even they soon quite forget. From any point of view it is a most remarkable production. I wish I could get in "Stories Barry Told Me" (Longmans), because it is a collection of as good short fairy and other imaginative tales for children as one would wish, and though Barry Payn did tell them to his ten-year-old daughter, Eva, it was her part to write them down, and the present volume is a transcript of the book she made of them then.

André Maurois has recently brought out a new edition of his autobiographical novel, "Bernard Quesnay" (Gallimard), with eight new chapters added, and has at the same time issued, from the same publisher, a new book, "Voyage au Pays des Articoles."

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From the printing house of Jahoda and Siegel, Vienna, comes another well printed almanac, with quotations from German, Swiss, French, and English authors.

R.

"THE ENGLISH REPLICAS"

NEW volumes in this worth-while series are: "Hydrotaphia," by Thomas Browne, from the edition of 1658; "Keats's Poems" of 1820; "Areopagitica," by Milton, 1644; and Fitzgerald's "Rubáiyát" of 1859. I must take exception to the statement of the publishers, that "not only the text but also the physical appearance of the early edition is reproduced to the last detail"—a rather curious statement in view of the declaration in the next sentence that they "are printed on Abbey Mills paper," that is, modern paper. Why spoil a perfectly good scheme by loose claims of that sort?

None of the books before me possesses any typographical merit, but each is a carefully done reproduction, by photographic process, and the general effect is excellent. For purpose of comparison and study anyone except a meticulous student of printing has here all that he needs. And furthermore, the titles are of interest in themselves—such works as Milton's defense of unlicensed printing and Browne's essay on urn-burial, in the original guise, at two or three dollars each are worth buying and shelving. If one can have the original issue of Browne, or that handsome Riverside edition of 1907, well and good; but failing those—as most of us do—so skilful a facsimile is welcome.

R.

P. J. and A. E. DOBELL of Charing Cross Road send out a tidy little catalogue of 600 Shakespearean titles, of no great importance and not over-priced. The tail of this catalogue is rather longer and meatier than its titular section, and consists of a representative assortment of dramatic books of the past two hundred years.

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Greek Type Faces

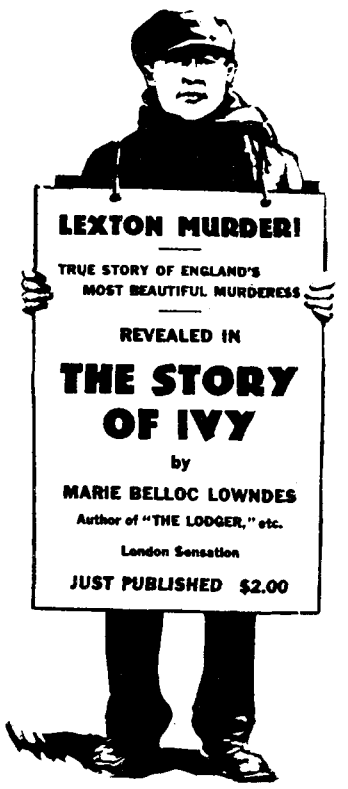
GREEK PRINTING TYPES 1465-1927; Facsimiles from an Exhibition of Books Illustrating the Development of Greek Printing Shown in the British Museum 1927. With an historical introduction by Victor Scholderer. London: British Museum. 1927.

Reviewed by GEORGE L. HENDRICKSEN
Yale University

GREEK typography is probably one of the most minute of esthetic interests at the present time. Those who have occasion to read Greek, namely college boys and Greek scholars, from quite diverse points of view have no interest in the matter, as I know from long contact with both, and the questions at interest therefore are confined chiefly to printers who may seek to give an esthetic dress to the books they print, and to the bibliophiles who buy their product. The splendid Oxford Odyssey of 1909, for example, in the sumptuous characters designed by Robert Procter, is a show piece, but it would be a safe bet that it has found its way into the hands of very few who really read Homer.

However, here is a field of art which is briefly and beautifully summed up in this superb publication of the British Museum, with an introduction by Mr. Scholderer, who seeks to draw the lessons from the history presented by designing and recommending a new fount, to which he gives the name of "New Hellenic." The historical specimens show the first tentative efforts to print Greek with Roman letters, and pass to the cursive hand used by contemporary Greeks and adopted by Aldus, which reaches a climax in the calligraphic page of French Royal Greeks. This letter dominated the field from Robert Stephanus almost to the beginning of the nineteenth century. But for all its beauty we must agree with Mr. Scholderer that it was the perpetuation of a false tendency. Its ligatures and cursive lines give it the effect of a page of penmanship, which in origin it was, and it was very uneconomical, not only of expense—it demanded huge sorts and very expert workmen—but of eye and attention. The essential break from this tradition was made in England and in Germany at nearly the same time, in Germany by the great Teubner series, which introduced a fount free from abbreviations and ligatures, but dull, round, and lifeless. Most of us have grown up on it, or on the slight modification and improvement introduced about 1875, but familiarity has not made it beautiful. In contrast the famous Porson letter seemed at first elegant, but it too has become stereotyped into a lifeless form. This has been the standard English type for a century, and is found for the most part in American college texts. Both these types suffer the defect of the Italic slant, a survival from the Greek cursive, and defended by no other reason than its origin. There is no more occasion for it than there is for the Italic form in Roman type, which has justly been rejected in all modern printing except for special uses. It is time that the Italic slant should disappear from Greek typography.

Fortunately the drift is in that direction. Teubner in his later editions of Greek poets, such as Schroeder's Pindar, 1909, has reverted to the admirably legible and distinguished vertical letter which was used earlier in Dindorf's "Scenic Poets." The Berlin Academy in its publications (for example, the smaller edition of the "Greek Inscriptions") has adopted a neat, fine lined, vertical type of small caps, which has an epigraphical character, and more nearly represents the appearance of the best Attic inscriptions of the fourth century than any other fount. The new French series of the Association Budé employs a good upright type, free from the curves and flourishes of the old Didot letter. It has one curious de-



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fect which I have noted in many volumes and in the specimen here given, that it does not take the ink evenly, so that a page often has the appearance of heavy faces scattered over it at haphazard. All these reforms are in the right direction, viz., to produce a vertical letter which shall approach the simplicity of good Roman. England has thus far lagged behind, except in the preposterous heavy faced "baroque" of the bold experiment tried by Macmillan in Archer-Hind's "Phaedo" and in Rutherford's Scholia to Aristophanes (defended by Rutherford in a readable essay in the *Classical Review*, 1894), which have however found few if any successors.

The New Hellenic of Mr. Scholderer is a vertical letter, except for the *gamma*, which without apparent reason has been given the Italic slant. In its 12 pt. specimen moderately leaded it is agreeable and legible. In the large 18 pt. its defect appears as too fat and round a letter,—the characters, distended laterally, crowd one another in the line like fat people in a church pew. This is really a serious desideratum, the simple uprightness of Roman. Another specimen (No. 58) without leads (which the form demands imperatively) and with some absurdly sophisticated letters like the *delta*, approaches the "lunatic fringe" of fine printing, of which Mr. Morley has spoken recently in this journal. My own judgment is that the Teuber letter of Schroeder's Pinar is the most simple and agreeable face of type that has yet been produced, and approaches most nearly to the ideal standard of clean-cut Roman.

THE transference of Sir Henry Clinton's Headquarters Papers from the home of his descendants to that of Mr. William L. Clements on the shores of Lake Michigan, is bearing fruit in some unexpected but altogether satisfactory ways. The custodian of the William L. Clements Library at the University of Michigan, Randolph G. Adams, will eventually publish many learned tomes containing the documents in this priceless collection. Meanwhile, he is evidently finding it necessary to relieve the drudgery of historical research occasionally by throwing off some of the incidental and merely human aspects of the musty files through which he is sorting his way. The latest manifestation of this is a character-sketch of John André, as he reveals himself in the Adjutant-General's correspondence preserved in the headquarter's files.

On the back of a letter addressed to him, André drew a pen-and-ink sketch of a British officer. The type is unmistakable, and equally convincing is Mr. Adams's suggestion that this was one of the officers to whom the English forces owed their ill-success in America.

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When the *S. S. Olympic* hove into Quarantine on the evening of March 13th she was boarded by a friendly battalion of sixty-eight newspaper men and motion picture operators—eight news reel camera men, fifteen still photographers and forty-five inquiring reporters.

After the New York Fire Department's brass band on an adjoining tender boomed out *The Star-Spangled Banner* through the mist, the delegation of invaders swarmed on to *The Olympic*—one of the largest press representations on a Coastguard Cutter since the PRINCE OF WALES came to New York.

In the second class smoking room the invaders found their man—a venerable traveller in a huge South African Stetson and a noble gray Inverness—ALFRED ALOYSIUS SMITH, gridiron peddler of Johannesburg, connoisseur of ivory, apes and peacocks, and author—with MRS. ETHELREDA LEWIS—of *Trader Horn*.

As he walked down the gang-plank two hours later hundreds of voices called out, "Hello, Trader Horn!" They swarmed around him—well wishers . . . autograph seekers . . . friends he hadn't seen for years . . . a handful of relatives . . . convivials all . . . Somebody stole his stick for a souvenir. (And returned it in twenty-four hours.)

Before TRADER HORN had been extricated from the crowds on the dock, the news of his arrival was sputtering its way around the world, and the white kleig lights of twentieth century fame were bringing his wind-whipped face to millions.

What a man! What a life! What a composite of careers!

Of TRADER HORN, Heywood Broun has written:

"And now it seemed that this was such a one as Kipling should have known back in the days when the Jungle Books were bubbling. Indeed, I wondered if this was by any chance the man who would be King."

On landing in New York, TRADER HORN found himself knee-deep in literary notables. Blasé stewards grew sentimental in their farewells, hard-boiled customs inspectors joined the chorus of acclaim and slashed the red tape gladly.

All "convivials" have in them something of TRADER HORN. In every person there is a streak of romance. But all who behold or read *Trader Horn* sense that here is a man representing romance run amuck, a man who by choice or destiny—call it what you will—far out-tops even the wildest phantoms of those who have lived life up to the hilt.

That, perhaps, is one reason why—from Times Square to Gopher Prairie, from Michigan Boulevard to Timbuctoo—TRADER HORN'S book is read and reread and marked up from cover to cover.

That, perhaps, also explains why this gallant old patriarch from the heart of darkness—it is fitting to use a Conrad phrase to describe a Conrad hero come to life—has joined the noble company of roamers and saga-tellers who have loved adventure, have lived adventure and have afforded adventure to hundreds of thousands of enthralled readers.

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THE PHOENIX NEST

FROM Harcourt we learn that *Carl Sandburg* recently piloted over the Loop in Chicago that giant plane which took *Mrs. Lindbergh* on her Detroit-Mexico City trip. An expert pilot sat by Carl's side, but he drove the plane—and froze his face and was unable to shave for several days! As for *Sinclair Lewis*, another famous Harcourt author, he has found in London the same sort of automobile equipped for long camping trips that he fell in love with in the Arizona desert. He has had it sent to Germany, where he has been spending most of his time, and will tour in it extensively this Spring. . . .

The February-March *Book Notes* of *Edwin Valentine Mitchell*, the distinguished Hartford bookseller, contains some remarks by *Adrian Harley* on the celebrated "Tom O' Bedlam's Song"; but though it is true that *Francis Thompson* added some fine verses to this gorgeous composition which dates back to the early seventeenth century, Mr. Harley is unintentionally misleading when he states that the verses he quotes are "largely" of Francis Thompson's composing. Most of them are from the old original, though Thompson did add a number. Also—"And the lovely owl my morrow" is either a mistake or a misprint. It should, of course, be "marrow." In the same issue of *Book Notes*, *Padraic Colum* is carelessly referred to as "Padriac," a common error of which *Book Notes* should never have been guilty. . . .

To return to Tom O' Bedlam, Mr. Harley informs us that we are about to have a "complete book on and around this fascinating poem, giving all the versions with their history by *Robert Graves*." *Norman Lindsay* and his son, *Jack Lindsay*, of the Fanfrolico Press will present it, with "notes by Jack Lindsay on 17th century vagabondage, and illustrations by that accomplished artist his father." Great news! We can hardly wait to get the book. . . .

Henry Holt announces that the long-awaited one-volume work on the philosophy of *John Dewey* will shortly be available to the public. The publication date is now set for May 25th. *Dr. Joseph Ratner* is the editor, under Dr. Dewey's supervision, and is reported to have performed his task splendidly. . . .

Maurice A. Hanline has now been appointed one of the Vice-Presidents of the firm of Boni & Liveright and has been assigned to London to act as their European representative. Boni & Liveright do not contemplate publishing either in England or on the Continent, but Mr. Hanline will take up *residence in London to establish close* contact with Continental publishers and to secure new manuscripts for the firm. . . .

The new entirely rewritten Chambers' Encyclopaedia has just been completed and is now offered by Putnam. It is in ten Imperial Octavo volumes bound in maroon buckram with lettering in gold and hand embossed sides and back. . . .

Miss *Mary Carolyn Davies* has been presenting guest lectures in her newly-opened Verse Writing Class at her studio, 58 West 8th Street. Both *Arthur Guiterman* and *Margaret Widdemer* have recently spoken there. . . .

We have noted a good deal of discussion in the newspapers recently concerning the selling at auction in England of *Lewis Carroll's* famous manuscript of "Alice's Adventures in Wonderland," which is the property of the original Alice, viz: *Alice Pleasance Hargreaves*, the daughter of Dean Liddell. Mrs. Hargreaves was one of the party of "three little girls" to whom the *Rev. Charles L. Dodgson* first related his fairy tales in 1862. Experts place the value of the MS. at thousands of pounds. It is beautifully written in Dodgson's clear hand, with an illuminated title and dedication. It was illustrated with thirty-seven pen and ink drawings and with decorative headings for each chapter. Appleton, as you probably know, has recently got out a facsimile edition of the original 1866 edition of the printed book. . . .

Robert Hillyer, the poet, will be added next fall to the English faculty of Harvard. He will take over the course in the writing of poetry which was made famous by Dean Lebaron Russell Briggs. The Viking Press has just published Mr. Hillyer's latest volume of poems, "The Seventh Hill." . . .

Father *Will Whalen* amusedly sends us a clipping from the West, the guilty party being a Catholic syndicate run by one *Linus Wey*. The clipping runs astonishingly:

> We are glad to report that the *Mrs. Russell* who was debarred from lecturing on her free love ideas at Wisconsin University is not the wife of George (*A. E.*) Russell, who was welcomed at the Catholic university, Washington, as stated here in our issue of Feb. 24.

But just how anyone following life and literature at all, could have made that mistake, is beyond us. There is no Mrs. "A. E." that we know of. Mrs. Bertrand Russell is an unusually fine person, as is "A. E." also—each in their own way. . . .

Unusually interesting is that Harvard Miscellany entitled *The Hound and Horn*, most extraordinarily good for an undergraduate publication,—its contributors being both graduates and undergraduates. *Conrad Aiken* and *George Parker Winship* are two of their Consultative Committee. We have called attention to this magazine before; we do so again because it is one of the most attractively printed periodicals we know and because its third number, now before us, contains the first part of a paper on *T. S. Eliot*, with a Bibliography, by *R. P. Blakmur*, which will certainly make this issue and subsequent ones collector's items. The reviews are up-to-date too. *Henry-Russell Hitchcock, Jr.*, covers a year's Proustiana, *Walter Eugene Clark* tackles "Time and the Western Man," and so on. We respect and admire *The Hound and Horn*. . . .

So fades our plaintive anthem.

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